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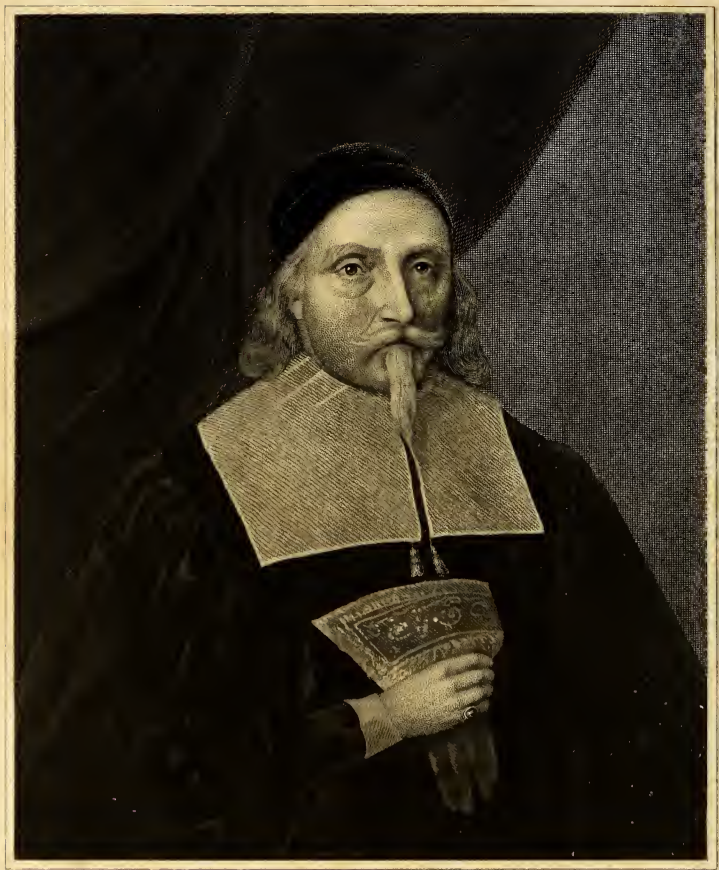




# BINDERY

Dr. D. Gould - Finsbury Lane  
55 -

Dr. Thos. G. Davis, West Park, N. York



*D.L. Glover Sc.*



*Presented to the  
J. Endecott*

*This is the original picture in possession of the Rev. Dr. Endecott, and is now in the possession of the Rev. Dr. Endecott, and is now in the possession of the Rev. Dr. Endecott.*

AN

ADDRESS,

DELIVERED AT

T O P S F I E L D

IN MASSACHUSETTS,

AUGUST 28, 1850: *corrected*

THE TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

INCORPORATION

OF THE TOWN.

~~~~~  
BY NEHEMIAH CLEAVELAND.  
~~~~~

"So many grateful altars I would rear  
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone  
Of lustre from the brook, in memory,  
Or monument to ages."

MILTON.

*De*  
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NEW-YORK.

PUDNEY & RUSSELL, PRINTERS.

....  
1851.

*(\* Aug. 29. 1850. It should be*

Certain portions of the Address here published, were, on account of its length, omitted in the delivery. The preparation of the appendix, and other causes, have delayed its appearance, but not, it is believed, without a compensatory advantage. For the means of giving a likeness of GOVERNOR BRADSTREET, now for the first time copied and published, I am indebted to SOLOMON WILDES, Esq., of Boston, and others of the Governor's descendants. I acknowledge similar obligations to ASAHEL HUNTINGTON, Esq., of Salem, and to JOHN CLEAVELAND, Esq., of New-York. Mr. C. M. ENDICOTT lent the use of his engraved steel plate.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 12th, 1850.

*Copy  
Related to  
Mrs. Abigail W. Towne  
Jan 1945*

1429678

## A D D R E S S .

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WELCOME! thrice welcome, sweet summer-morning air, inhaled to-day upon the spot, where I first drew the vital breath! Hail, holy light, and all pervading warmth of yon glorious orb—standing now, for the two hundredth time, just where it stood among the stars, two centuries ago! Hail, thou green vale of my nativity, and ye, fair surrounding hills,—with every rock, and mound, and pond, and stream, and aged tree, and old cottage-home,—once so familiar, and still so grateful to my eye! And you, whom I address—whether inhabitants of the town—or emigrants, revisiting your early home—or descendants of those who once dwelt here—or neighbors and spectators only, drawn hither by motives merely curious or friendly; I bid you all hail!

Citizens of Topsfield,—from my distant home, I have come, at your bidding. I am not insensible, that it is for you, as well as to you, that I am expected to speak. Had I regarded it as other than a filial duty,—had I not felt assured that you would make all due allowance



for its difficulties and its short-comings, I should certainly have been reluctant to attempt the task.

Should the fare which I place before you seem meagre and unsatisfying, let it not therefore be ascribed to any deficiency of the original material, or to a want of inclination on my part, to collect and present it in proper form. I have had, let it be remembered, but one short month to review the doings of six or seven generations, and to summon up the departed shades of more than two hundred years. No friendly committee of search,—no pioneering Felt, or Coffin, or Gage, accustomed to the woods, and wont “to dig and to delve,” had traversed the ground before me, to clear away the dense under-growth, or to cull, here and there, a gem from the rubbish of ages.

We commemorate to-day the two hundredth return of that year, when our town became a corporate member of the commonwealth. The settlement, however, as is well known, dates considerably farther back than 1650. What hardy adventurer first crossed yonder hill, or paddling up as far as this, the river Agawam, planted himself upon its banks, we have, so far as I am aware, no means of ascertaining. Neither is the time when English settlers made a beginning here, exactly known, though it may, doubtless, be determined very nearly. But before we proceed to this, there is an elder history, which claims, I think, a moment's consideration.

The track of European discovery, occupancy, and progress on this continent, is so fresh, and so clearly marked, that we are prone, while dwelling upon it, to forget that



there was anything beyond. It is not easy to feel that America is as old as Asia—still less to believe, with the geologist, that the White Mountains and the Alleghanies had lifted their summits to the sky, long before the Alps and the Himalaya emerged from the sea. We have always called this the New World, and are wont to think of it, I apprehend, as being about three hundred years old. And yet this wood-crowned knoll, upon which some of us used to play—that little plain, which we call “The Common”—the loftier swell beyond it, known as Great Hill—that scooped-out gorge by its side, so shady and green—those two rivulets below us, which steal along through meadows “never sere”—with the silver stream, into which they flow—were, doubtless, all here, and probably much the same as now—in the far distant days of Agamemnon and of Abraham. Beneath what successive dynasties of semi-civilized or savage men the region passed—or how often it was the battle-ground of contesting tribes—are points that we shall never know. Yet, may we not consider them unquestionable realities, just as much as if they had been immortalized in the narrative of Moses or the song of Homer?

It is possible that the larger part of my audience have never even heard of a place called She-ne-we-me-dy. Yet such a place there is—and long ago, it was well-known for hundreds of miles around, in the unwritten geography of the aborigines. This place, which afterwards took the name of Topsfield, was as definitely located as any township now is—though, I presume, they did not often trouble themselves to perambulate its

line. It was not, as since, divided into farms, but formed part of the large farm of one considerable clan. Its territory was *owned* as truly, as it is now—and by as good a title. It was the hunting-ground of Indians—one of their game-preserves—and here, they had their deer-reeves for a thousand years, perhaps, before the town of Topsfield began to choose them. Here, too, they fished:

“River and stiller waters paid  
Their tribute to the net and spear  
Of the red ruler of the shade.”

There was no trouble about the alewives then. No envious dam obstructed their free passage to the sources of the stream;—nor were committees needed, as in later times, to transport that valuable fish into Prichard's Pond, for the purpose of spawning.

She-ne-we-me-dy belonged to the tribe of the Agawams. Their territory lay along the Atlantic coast, from Naunkeag River to the Merrimack,—and extended inland to Cochickawick, now Andover. In 1638, their sachem, Masconnomet, conveyed by deed to John Winthrop, son of the Governor of Massachusetts, all his right to the land then within the bounds of Ipswich. This included a part of what was afterwards Topsfield. The consideration of this deed was twenty pounds. The chieftain, who surrendered, for such a pittance, his princely domain, became a poor dependent on the colonists, and died, and was buried, about 1658, upon Sagamore Hill, in Hamilton. The first settlers of this town doubtless considered their title good, under the deed to Winthrop. And yet, more than fifty years

after its incorporation, a claim was made upon them by a grandson of Masconnomet. There is no evidence that it was resisted. A committee was chosen to settle with the claimant, and the result was a quit-claim deed, made and executed with all due forms of law, by which, in consideration of the sum of three pounds, in money paid, Samuel English, heir to Masconnomet, relinquished his entire rights to all the lands of Topsfield. This last statement may seem, in some degree, anticipatory. But I thought it best,—having once begun the search for our title, to make a finish of it—and the evidence is such, I think, as must satisfy, not only the most scrupulous conscience, but the most timid of land-buyers.

As a corporation, Topsfield is two hundred years old,—but as a settlement it is more ancient by several years. The first notice which we find of it, is contained in an order of the General Court, dated on the 4th of the 7th month, 1639. By this order, certain lands lying near Ipswich River were granted for a village, to inhabitants of Salem. Another order, in 1643, refers to this of 1639. It states that, though Salem alone was mentioned, a part of the original applicants belonged to Ipswich, and adds that the individuals last named, had then, for nearly two years, maintained preaching. The record proceeds as follows: “It is therefore ordered that Mr. John Endicott, and the said inhabitants of Ipswich, viz.: Mr. Bradstreet, Mr. Symonds, Mr. Whittingham, Mr. William Paine, Mr. Robert Paine, with such others of Ipswich or Salem as they shall associate to themselves, shall have liberty to

settle a village near the said river of Ipswich," &c. The facts thus incidentally stated, leave little room to doubt that there were some settlers within these limits as early, at least, as 1635, if not before. The level grounds which skirt the river were undoubtedly bare of trees,—not only constituting the first attraction to the spot, but suggesting the agreeable name of NEW MEADOWS, which for several years the village bore.

Whittingham and the two Paines, named in the order of Court, soon parted with their interest here. "Mr. Symonds," who was unquestionably Samuel Symonds, afterwards a member of the Court of Assistants, and Deputy Governor, a man of high consideration in the colony, probably retained his lands—as one of his daughters was the wife of Thomas Baker, an early and a prominent settler in this place. The other individuals mentioned in the order were truly men of renown. John Endicott, the leader of the colony of Massachusetts Bay, its first Governor, and one of the greatest names in American history, received, by an order of Court, in 1639, a grant of five hundred and fifty acres in the village of New Meadows. This tract was bordered by the river, and was in the southern part of what is now Topsfield. Governor Endicott never resided here—but the farm just named, largely increased by a subsequent grant and by purchase, became, at length, the property of his son, Dr. Zerubbabel Endicott, and from him descended to his sons Zerubbabel and Benjamin, who were both inhabitants of Topsfield. Benjamin died without issue, as did also, in 1738,



Zerubbabel the third, at which time this great Endicott estate passed out of the name. <sup>(1)</sup>

Of the same date and same source with the Endicott grant, was one of five hundred acres to Simon Bradstreet. The position of this tract on the eastern side of the town, is well known, and a considerable portion of it still remains in the possession of his descendants. I am unable to say, positively, whether during the five years which elapsed between the reception of the grant and his removal to Andover, Governor Bradstreet resided in New Meadows. Such a belief has been current in the family, and I know nothing that contradicts it. It is a tradition to which, in the absence of rebutting testimony, I choose to yield assent. In my view, it gives additional interest to that pleasant hill, to revive, with its leafy image of more than two hundred years ago, that of the honored magistrate and future governor—to imagine him retiring thither from the cares of state—enjoying, in his rude forest shelter, a happiness which the luxurious homes and fair fields of England had not afforded—and recalling, it may be, as he walked among the tall old trees, the cloistered shades of Cambridge and Emanuel;—recalling, but not regretting them. And does it not lend a poetic grace to the scenery there, to fancy, as we surely may, that the accomplished and celebrated Anne Bradstreet, once wooed the muse beneath its virgin bowers, and along the river side? But, however this may have been, the spot, as being the residence of his son, was, doubtless, often visited by Mr.

Bradstreet, in the course of his long and illustrious career. <sup>(2)</sup>

A third order of the Court in regard to New Meadows, was passed in 1645, making such an arrangement in regard to rates, as would enable the settlers here to support a Minister of the Gospel. An Act of Incorporation in those days was a very simple affair. The Charter of our town privileges reads thus: "At a third session of the General Court of Election, held at Boston, Oct. 15, 1650: In answer to the request of Zaccheus Gould and William Howard, in the behalf of Topsfield, the Court doth grant that Topsfield shall, from henceforth, be a town, and have power within themselves to order all civil affairs, as other towns have."

Obscurity has long rested upon the origin of the name, which was thus conferred upon this locality two hundred years since. With a strange forgetfulness of the unimaginative habits, and the almost invariable practice of our ancestors, in regard to names, it has commonly been regarded as a fanciful appellation, suggested by the fact, that there were some hills in the place. The theory is wholly untenable. Our fathers had abandoned England, but they had not forgotten it, or ceased to love it. The cities, the towns, and the little sequestered parishes, from which they came, were, in name at least, carefully perpetuated here.

In that shire of England, from which this county was named, there is, four miles W. N. W. from Castle Hedingham, a small parish called Topesfield. To this

place, unquestionably, some of those who first occupied these farms, were wont to look back, with a feeling, fond and filial, like that which has brought to-day many an emigrant to this home-gathering of ours. This Topesfield, whose maternity, so far as we are concerned, I think none can doubt, is a Rectory in the Hundred of Hinckford. Its church is dedicated to St. Margaret, and its patron is the king. At the beginning of this century its population was 685. Topesfield, with various orthography, such as "Topsfelda, Topsfelde, Topsfeldam," occurs repeatedly in Doomsday Book, a work written in Latin, and made in the reign of Edward the Second. This is a respectable antiquity, —yet we are able to go considerably farther up. In the time of the Heptarchy, the whole place belonged to a yellow-haired Saxon, whose name was Topa, or Toppa. From that time his ample field has continued to bear his name. "Hill-tops," forsooth! why our name is, at the very least, 800 years old.

Hear me a little farther. Fifty years ago, there was dug up in this same Topesfield a skeleton, with various Roman antiquities. There were a metal vase or urn, with a handle; a metallic patera, bossed in the centre; three elegant little cups of red Samian ware; a Roman coin, much defaced; and a corroded sword blade, which lay across the breast of the warrior. Thus is it proved that our mother Topesfield was an inhabited place, a home blessed by civilization and the arts, in the time of the Cæsars. This is as far back in the ages as I shall attempt to go to-day. <sup>(3)</sup>

Having now reached the period when this place, no longer a portion of other towns, had become a distinct community, authorized by law to have its own government and manage its own affairs, we might naturally expect to find an authentic history of its organization and early proceedings. Some record of the kind was undoubtedly kept. The probability is, that a small and insufficient book was first used, and that in the course of five-and-twenty years, it had become full. Another book was then procured, which has come down to us. The first town meeting recorded in this volume, was held March 7, 1676. At that meeting the selectmen were directed to transcribe the old book into the new, and especially, to record the division of lots which had been made on the south side of the river. Either the first records of the town were imperfect, or its agents must have regarded their commission as highly discretionary. Their excerpts are exceedingly meagre and unsatisfactory—entered, it would seem, as leisure permitted, on blank leaves ahead, and without regard to date. As all the pages were subsequently filled by the current record of the time, there is a portion of the book which is admirably confused. After all that was deemed important was transferred, the old book was, perhaps, destroyed;—it certainly was not preserved. Could those excellent men have heard, by some sort of anticipation, the groans and sighs which their negligence has drawn, and will continue to draw, from baffled antiquarians, disappointed genealogists, and, once an age, from groping centennial



orators, they surely would have been less indolent or less careless.

I have read with such thoroughness, as the difficulties of ancient chirography, and the shortness of my time allowed, these annals of Topsfield, from their earliest recorded transaction in 1658, down to the close of the revolutionary war. I shall make no unavailing endeavor to interest you by long extracts from town votes, or by lists of names and details of business. These belong to the future historian of the place. Let me attempt rather a brief summary—a condensed picture—the resulting impression left upon my mind, by this perusal of the names and doings of departed generations.

New settlements, in the early days of New-England, were not left to spring up by chance, nor were they determined, as often in later times, by the lawless proceedings of squatters and pre-emptioners. The Puritan colonists came to this land for a very special purpose—and to that purpose they accommodated their plans. Did a number of individuals desire to plant a new town? They obtained an order to that effect from the General Court. To these, with such other freemen as they saw fit to admit, was consigned the government of the place. These granted the land in farms, of various sizes, until the population was deemed sufficient for the territory. At first the position of the houses was, to a certain extent, determined by law. None could be more than a half-mile from the meeting-house. If the homesteads were thus made in-

sufficient for the support of their occupants, out-lands more remote were added. In addition to this, extensive tracts were reserved in every township, which long continued as common property. In process of time, the amount of right pertaining to the several proprietors of these commons was determined under some equitable rule of apportionment. To arrange and settle these rights,—to regulate the cutting of wood and timber, or to restrain it in regard to those who were not commoners,—and to prevent encroachment by adjoining farms upon the territory,—were for a long time among the most considerable items of municipal business. The first important entry in the Topsfield Records is the history of a town meeting in 1661. At that meeting “it was ordered,” that the Selectmen should “lay out 500 acres of land on the other side of the river, to remain common to perpetuity for the use of the inhabitants.” The names of thirty commoners are appended—and it is the earliest list of Topsfield men on record. Four of the number were sufficiently dignified in station, to wear the honorary prefix of Mr. These were Mr. Bradstreet, Mr. Perkins, Mr. Baker, and Mr. Endicott. In the same list occur the following names, which are still represented here by some of their descendants: Zaccheus Gould, Francis Pabody, William Towne, Daniel Clark, Isaac Comings, John Wilds, Thomas Perkins, and Robert Andrews. The names of Estey, Dorman, Howlet, Smith, Bates, Redington, Browning, Stanley, Caroll, How, Bridges, and Nichols, are no longer to be found in the town. If any of you feel curious to know in what way the common lands

of Topsfield were divided, apportioned, trespassed upon, managed, and gradually disposed of, until no part remained but the training-field,—you will find the whole matter in the Records of the town, and in the Proprietors' Book, long supposed to be lost, but lately recovered from its thirty years' repose in an old chest.

In all ages, and especially in all new countries, the adjustment of boundaries between contiguous communities has been a frequent and a serious source of difficulty. From this trouble, the founders of Topsfield, and their immediate successors, were not exempt. With Rowley there appears to have been no disagreement, for the separating line was early and permanently fixed. With Wenham also the limits were easily settled, but the duty of the perambulators on that side of the town was rather severe. The course which they were compelled to take, as from year to year they went round to renew or identify the landmarks, carried them through a sort of Serbonian bog, in which they often got sadly mired. To prevent this calamity, the line was finally altered by an amicable arrangement. The Ipswich line was established after a short quarrel, but with Salem and with Boxford there was a long contention. Town meetings were held, committees and attorneys were appointed, prosecutions were entered before the law-tribunals, and the action even of the General Court was repeatedly invoked and obtained. In the management of these controversies, Topsfield evinced no want of spirit, or of pertinacity. With Boxford the contest was particularly obstinate,

and may have been tinged with that bitterness which characterizes civil strife. While Boxford was a part of Rowley, and known as Rowley Village, many of its inhabitants attended meeting here—being parochially and ecclesiastically connected with Topsfield. It so happened that some of these persons requested a dismissal from this church to that of Boxford, at a time when these difficulties were at their height. The answer, in substance, was, that the letters of dismissal would be granted whenever Boxford should show a Christian spirit, and behave properly in regard to the boundary. I need not say that, in both these cases, peace and amity were at length fully restored. Would you like to know exactly when these wars began—how long they raged—and in what years they ended? Go search the chronicles which contain them.

The laying out, and the making of private ways and of highways, must, of necessity, be among the earliest and most important objects of attention in a new settlement. The history of these in Topsfield, as they advanced from foot-paths to horse-paths,—from these to cart-ways,—and from the last, to carriage-roads;—the slow, but certain progress which was made, from sloughs to causeways, and from fords to bridges,—might, perhaps, in many instances, be distinctly traced. I leave the interesting task to some patient Dryasdust, or indefatigable Oldbuck.

By the bounty occasionally offered for the destruction of wolves, we perceive that it was long before the wilderness, here, ceased to be a *howling* one. The



widow Eastey, who died in 1805, having, only a month before, just rounded out her century, had seen bears pass by her own door. Deer were abundant in the woods to a much later period. These were deemed sufficiently valuable to be protected by law, and officers were annually chosen by the town to enforce its execution. From numerous facts contained in the records, I have been led to the opinion, which I advance, however, with some diffidence, that the people of Topsfield in those days, thought more highly of fish than they did of game. I allude, as you will understand, to the solicitude and vigilance, which was long manifested by this town, in regard to the annual migration of alewives. This process was obstructed, as they thought, by mill-dams. To enforce and preserve unimpaired the rights of the fish and the fish-eaters,—orders were obtained from the General Court, and countless votes were passed by the town. Agents were sent to confer with, or to prosecute the trespassers. Delegates were appointed to convene and consult with delegates from other fish-eating towns on the river, in regard to the threatening danger. To aid Nature in replenishing her diminished stock, men were occasionally appointed to convey some of the young fry into Prichard's Pond. But it was all in vain. The Topsfield fisheries gradually declined, and are now, alas! extinct. Seldom, if at all, are the present dwellers on Ipswich River permitted to regale themselves with that piscatory delicacy, which their fathers prized so highly.

I should do injustice to those men, as well as to a valuable member of the Pachydermatous Family, were

I to omit another fact, which I have learned from these records of the past. Of all the domestic animals, I find mention of one only, on which the freedom of the town was, in due form, conferred, by annual vote. I am bound to add, that this honorable distinction was coupled with the singular condition, that each individual thus enfranchised, should wear a small yoke, and be adorned with a ring.

But there were higher matters than these. That distinctive and very important feature of Puritan New-England, the Board of Selectmen:—chosen, according to the phraseology of our earliest records, “to order the prudential affairs of the town,” has, of course, always existed here. It is impossible not to mark, as we follow on, from year to year, the entries of the clerk, how closely this honor and other important town offices were confined to a small number of influential men. For several generations, the Peabodys, the Goulds, the Redingtons, the Perkinses, the Townes, the Bakers, the Cummingses, and the Clarks, seem to have held them, as by prescriptive right. The officers annually chosen, and the mode of conducting town business, appear to have differed very little from what they are now. Jurymen, during the first century, were not drawn by lot, but were regularly elected. Tything-men, in those days, constituted a prominent part of the body politic. Each of them was a censor morûm for the time being, and had his allotted district. The powers of inspection and superintendence which were committed to these officers, are such, evidently, as could be exerted

only among a people, highly primitive in manners, and devotedly attached to law and order.

We must not forget that the idea which is furnished us by this record of municipal acts and business, is, after all, very incomplete. Much that we would gladly know, is entirely unnoticed there. The alarms and perils of Indian warfare,—the agitations of religious controversy, which pervaded, and, at times, shook the colony,—that whirlwind of superstitious frenzy, called the “Witchcraft Delusion,” which broke out not five miles from this very spot, and which involved, in its fatal sweep, several Topsfield families,—the repeated drafts for men, which were made on all the New-England towns, and of which we know that ours had its full share, in the Indian and French wars;—these are matters, concerning which our town books say nothing. The little that we know of these topics and events, which, in their day, must have been all-absorbing, comes from other sources.

I have seen no account, and have met with no tradition, of fight or massacre within the town. But we know that its inhabitants, in times of Indian hostilities, must have partaken in the terrors which they so universally produced. Against a foe so swift, so stealthy, and so revengeful, it was not possible, ever, or anywhere, to feel secure. The colonial law of 1645, requiring the maintenance in every place of scouts and guards by day, and of sentinels by night, was doubtless obeyed here. The order of 1676, that each town should “scout and ward,” and clear up the brush-wood

along the highways, "to prevent the skulking of the enemy," we may safely conclude, was not disregarded by Topsfield. Here, as elsewhere, the farmers carried weapons and ammunition, as well as tools, to the field, and here, doubtless, armed sentries used to walk their rounds about the House of God, while the people were assembled for his worship. I find in the Records nothing that bears on this point, excepting certain votes respecting the watch-house. This small structure was probably quite near the Meeting-House, and was, doubtless, during those periods of universal alarm, the scene of many a painful vigil. When these had passed by, it was used on week days, by the minister, to work in, while on Sunday it furnished, when the weather was cold, a shelter and a fire to those whose homes were far from the place of meeting. On the grounds of the estate which belonged to Dr. Dexter, and not far from the Newburyport turnpike, may still be seen the traces of an old fortification, once the garrison house of the town. The widow Eastey, already named, well remembered this fortress. From the elevated farm on which she lived, and which the rich culture of the present owner has made "all one emerald," she had often ridden to the stockade on horseback, finding her way thither through the woods by means of marked trees. (4)

I shall mention in this connection but one thing more. In 1675, a Committee of the town of Topsfield petitioned the General Court for leave to form military companies, in order to protect the inhabitants while at their work, from attacks of the Indians. Ed-



mund Towne, eldest son of William, the patriarch of that name here, and of some thousands, elsewhere, was on this committee. On the 12th of August, in the same year, Thomas Towne, eldest son of Edmund, was a member of Capt. Lathrop's company, then in Hatfield. Whether he left it before the massacre of Bloody Brook, on the 13th September following, or was one of the very few who escaped from that fatal spot, is not known. These facts, thus connecting our topic of Indian warfare with, at least, two Topsfield men, were ascertained by one of their descendants, Mr. William B. Towne, of Boston. Perhaps similar zeal and perseverance, on the part of others, might elicit much more evidence of the same sort.

I have mentioned that Topsfield was a sufferer in the witchcraft time. Two Topsfield women, Mary Eastey and Sarah Wildes, were hung. Another, Abigail Hobbs, was condemned to die, but received, first, a reprieve, and then a pardon. I have seen a petition to the General Court, signed by John Wildes, and supposed to be in his handwriting, asking for aid in consideration of loss incurred through the imprisonment and execution of his grandmother, several years before. I know not whether it was presented.

Mary Eastey of this place, and Rebecca Nurse of Salem village, who was another of the victims, were daughters of William Towne, the patriarch already named. Their father came from the city of Bristol, in England, in 1630—lived several years in Salem—and settled here, it is supposed, in 1652. Of all that

has come down to us from that appalling scene, there is nothing more extraordinary or affecting than the case of these two innocent and exemplary women. The excellence of Mrs. Nurse's character was so conspicuous, that the Jury acquitted her. But Chief Justice Stoughton, impelled by a hideous outcry from "the accusers and the afflicted," sent the Jury out to re-consider the matter. Again they came in, and asked the prisoner to explain a certain expression which she had used in the course of the trial. Mrs. Nurse, being deaf, did not understand the question, and therefore did not answer it satisfactorily. The Jury then rendered a verdict of "Guilty." The Governor, wishing to save her, made out a reprieve, but the clamors of the accusers induced him to recall it. Being a member of Mr. Noyes' Church, she was, on Sunday, taken from jail, and carried in irons to the meeting-house, and there formally excommunicated. She was executed on the 19th of July, 1692.

The clear good sense, the sweet spirit, the sublime piety, and the cruel fate of Mary Eastey, have long commanded, and must ever command, the admiration and the pity of all who learn her story. I wish that time would allow me to recite here a petition which she sent to the Court before her condemnation, and another, addressed by her to the Court and to the Ministers while she was under sentence of death. Their simple eloquence could not fail to reach your hearts. Read, my friends, read and contemplate the history of that dark time. Conceive what anguish must have wrung many Topsfield families, and what terror must have reigned in all of them during the dreadful sum-

mer and autumn of 1692. Recall those scenes—not to think and speak lightly or scornfully of them and their actors—but to remind you how fearfully man is made, and to appreciate the goodness of that Providence, which appointed our lot in an age of clearer light, of better temper, and of milder laws. <sup>(5)</sup>

It was just nine years before this terrible episode of the Salem Witchcraft—that is, in 1683—that the alarming demand for a surrender of the Provincial Charter, under a threat of *quo warranto* in case of refusal, came over from Charles the Second. In the Topsfield record of a lawful town meeting, held on the 25th of December in that year, I find the following brief but significant entry:—"We do hereby declare that we are utterly unwilling to yield, either to a resignation of the Charter, or to any thing that shall be equivalent thereunto, whereby the foundation thereof should be weakened." In the following year the royal menace was put into execution, and the letters patent of Massachusetts were cancelled by a judgment in the Court of Chancery. To carry out the arbitrary measures thus begun, James II., in 1686, sent over the notorious Edmund Andros. Nowhere were his tyrannical proceedings and projects so resolutely opposed from the very first, as in this County of Essex. That Topsfield was not a whit behind her sister towns, we have undoubted evidence. That, in common with Ipswich and Rowley, she at first resisted the unlawful demands of the new government, is clear from a vote passed Sept. 30, 1687,—doubtless under the pressure of impending fine and imprison-

ment—by which the town removed from its record, as “offensive to authority,” an answer which had previously been made to the Treasurer’s warrant.

What were generally the sentiment and feeling of the people here, may be conjectured from another fact. John Gould, the only son of Zacheus, and, equally with him, the Patriarch of all who rejoice in that name here, then the largest landowner in the town, and a most influential citizen, had the honor to be fined and imprisoned, at the instigation of the tyrant, for seditious language which he was said to have uttered. The fact is stated in the histories of the time, and the very words he spake before the company which he commanded, have come down to us by tradition. “If,” said the brave Captain, “if you were all of my mind, you would go and mob the Governor out of Boston.” (6)

In 1689, a grand and bloodless revolution had been effected in Old England, and her young daughter here in the West came in for a full share of its blessings. It must have been gratifying to the people of this town, to see again in the highest place of the Commonwealth, one whom they knew so well and so favorably as old Simon Bradstreet. On the 7th of May, while Sir Edmund Andros, in Boston, was actually tasting the comforts of that prison to which he had sent so many good men, this town, in compliance with a call from President Bradstreet, elected Thomas Baker, to join, advise, and consult with the Council of Safety, about resuming the former govern-



ment; and in the June which followed, said Baker was again directed "to act for the public good, welfare, and safety of this Colony—prohibiting any act or thing that may have any tendency to the infringement of our charter privileges whatsoever." Such, my friends, such were the intelligence and watchfulness, the independence and fidelity of the men who tilled these farms, and filled your places here, one hundred and sixty years ago.

Thirty-three of the first sixty-three years of the 18th century, were, in New England, years of war. During this long struggle, we know that Topsfield must have contributed to the public cause, its full share of men as well as of money. This is certain, because no towns were exempt. The law was strict, and it was strictly enforced. It has been estimated that nearly one-third of the effective men in the Colony were in military service during the French wars. The muster rolls of the State archives, probably show very nearly what individuals went from Topsfield. I have not been able to examine them. The Rev. Mr. Barnard, of Marblehead, in his autobiography, makes honorable mention of a Captain Boynton, of Topsfield, who commanded a company in the Red Regiment of General March's Brigade, during the unsuccessful attempt upon Port Royal in 1707. In Gage's History of Rowley, I find a notice of Captain Israel Davis, of Topsfield, as commanding a company in the French war. John Baker, whom many of us remember as the aged "Major," was an officer in the same service. But enough,—the story of those wearisome, and often bloody cam-

paigns, so far as relates to the soldiers of Topsfield, has not come down to us. We know who and what they were; and we feel as well assured that they were faithful and brave, as if we had seen the record of their virtues and deeds on the historic page, or on monumental brass.

In 1755, the removal of the French Acadians took place. This severe measure, the memory of which has lately been revived by one of our popular poets, was never, I believe, justified by any proof of necessity. The poor sufferers themselves were distributed over the country. One family fell to the share of Topsfield and Middleton. The cottage which they occupied was on the right of the road to Salem, and nearly opposite the house of Dr. Dexter. They are three times mentioned in the town-book, by the simple designation of the "French family." The foreign name was too much, probably, for the learning of the town-officers. Tradition long preserved their memory, as sad, retiring, and inoffensive. Sad they might well be,—torn from their property and happy homes, —separated from all their kinsfolk and countrymen, and cast among a people who could sympathize with them neither in language, nor manners, nor religion. Whether the gentle Evangeline, in her life-long pursuit of the ever-flying Gabriel, took the "French family" of Topsfield in her way, is more than I can tell.

Scarcely, as you know, was the French war over, when the difficulties with England began. In the

measures and events which preceded and accompanied the separation of these colonies from the parent state, it is not to be supposed that a place so small as this could be very conspicuous. But it is pertinent to our purpose to show that Topsfield, however insignificant, had yet a mind and will of her own,—a spirit, as independent and as high,—with a determination seemingly as fixed, and as truly self-moved, as Boston itself could claim.

On the 23d of September, 1766, the town appointed a Committee, of which Stephen Perkins, then a leading man here, was chairman, “to draw instructions” for the guidance of their Representative in the General Court. Four days afterward an able paper was presented and adopted. The subject-matter was a measure, then before the Court, for remunerating Gov. Hutchinson, Secretary Oliver, and others, for damage incurred by the Boston riots. The town professes not to know the cause of the disturbances, and concedes that if the petitioners had really suffered because they were exerting themselves for the good of his majesty’s subjects in the Province, they were entitled to aid from the public fund. In any other case, the town would consider such a measure unconstitutional, and of dangerous tendency. The benevolence of the throne, in repealing the Stamp Act, is acknowledged with loyal gratitude—and a willingness to reciprocate is announced with a coolness that is quite amusing—reminding one of that Yankee, who, as the poet has it, would

“Shake hands with the king upon his throne,  
And think it kindness to his majesty.”

This letter of instruction concludes thus: "In case the sufferers shall make application for it, we are heartily willing to give them as much as our ability and low circumstances will admit of, *provided* we may do it either by subscription or by contribution, as in case of calamitous accidents by fire; which we take to be much more agreeable to the constitution of a free people, and the constant usage of this government."

In June, 1770, I find the record of a meeting called to consider the grievances under which the colonies were laboring. The vote of the town, after recapitulating these grievances,—such as taxes, imposed without consent of the taxed,—armed troops quartered among them in time of peace to enforce compliance, &c., goes on to say, that it was high time the community should resort to every constitutional method possible, for the redress of these evils. It commends the action of those merchants who had combined, and agreed not to import goods from Great Britain, so long as such oppressions should continue, and concludes with the declaration, that the people of Topsfield will co-operate with the merchants in this great object, by encouraging domestic manufactures, by making their own clothing, by abstaining from the purchase of all imported articles, and by rigidly excluding all foreign teas, until a general importation shall be allowed. This vote was entrusted to a Committee, for the purpose of procuring the signatures of the inhabitants.

On the 18th of May, 1773, a meeting was held to



consider and reply to a letter from the Boston Committee of Correspondence. The vote on this occasion fully re-states and re-argues the topics of the letter—it responds heartily to the sentiments and declarations of the Boston gentlemen—thanks them for their vigilance and activity in the public cause—and affirms, “that this town, in particular, will be ready, at all times, to join with their brethren in every legal way and manner, to defend the life and person of his majesty, and the lives of our brethren, his majesty’s loyal subjects, and in the same way to preserve and defend our own lawful rights, liberties, and property, *even to the last extremity.*” This was passed, we read, by a great majority. At the same meeting a committee was chosen to hold correspondence with the one in Boston.

On the 20th of January, 1775, the town, in legal meeting, accepted a full and very decided report, made by a committee of previous appointment, in regard to the reception of the East India Company’s tea. This paper closed with the declaration, that “this town will regard as enemies to the American Colonies, all merchants who shall import any tea with a duty upon it.” It was then read “distinctly several times—the question was put whether the town would accept of it, and it passed in the affirmative, *nem. con.*”

On the 7th March, same year, the town passed a vote providing for the enlistment, drill, and pay of *minute men.*

A few days afterward this comparatively poor country town, voted to raise by subscription a donation for the poor of Boston.

In one month more came the summons to battle—and many, probably most of the Topsfield men, proved their sincerity, and showed their courage, by mingling with the brave yeomanry of Essex and of Middlesex in the great transactions of the 19th of April. But a still greater day, and more exciting scene, was near at hand. Conceive, if you can, sons, daughters, and grandchildren of those who were actors or spectators then,—imagine, if it be possible, you who, floating calmly along the current of our unexciting times, have never known what anxiety and apprehension really are,—try, I say, to realize the sensations which must have pervaded the entire population of this place on that bright summer day, never to be forgotten while the world stands, the 17th of June, 1775. The men capable of bearing arms were mostly away—a part of the beleaguering host around Boston. Yonder, upon Eastey's Hill, might be seen their grey-haired fathers and mothers—their wives, and sisters, and daughters, and young children, watching—oh! how earnestly—the distant smoke-cloud, and listening with beating bosoms to that portentous roar of cannon, which spoke so unequivocally of some tremendous conflict.

Although the sword had thus been drawn, and though precious blood had been spilt, it required many months to reconcile and to nerve the people to

the new idea of independence. But the change was, nevertheless, effected, and almost universally. How the men of Topsfield felt in regard to this matter, is shown by their vote of June 14, 1776, which was as follows: "Voted, That in case the Honorable the Continental Congress shall think fit, for the safety of the United Colonies, to declare them independent of the kingdom of Great Britain, this town do solemnly engage to defend and support the measure, both with their lives and their fortunes, to the utmost of their power."

On the 21st of the same month, and only thirteen days before the adoption of the Immortal Act itself, this town instructed to the same effect, its Representative, Mr. John Gould, then attending the Provincial Congress at Watertown. Thus did the voice of encouragement, and the pledge of support, from even this small community, mingling with similar voices from hundreds of other towns, actually reach the illustrious Congress at Philadelphia. It was not without evidence of the fact, that John Adams, who knew Massachusetts well, assured his compeers in Congress, that "the people would stand by the Declaration."

The instructions to which I just referred, are remarkable not only for boldness, but for caution. With an unflinching determination to preserve or to maintain all just rights, they evince the most decided aversion to needless innovation. Even at that early period, projects of reform in the constitution of the long-established government of Massachusetts, had been

brought forward in the Provincial Congress, which to our thoughtful Topsfield sages, seemed hasty and rash. The Representative was accordingly directed to oppose them, as matters requiring the deliberate consideration of the whole community in more quiet times.

The authorship of those sensible and spirited town papers, may, I think, be safely ascribed to Stephen Perkins and Israel Clark. More might easily be added, but I will not venture on your patience by pursuing farther, even this interesting portion of our town history. We have seen with what mingled caution and courage, zeal and coolness, the men of Topsfield, in common, and *pari passu* with their fellow-citizens elsewhere, advanced toward the grand crisis of their country's destiny. We find them, at length, fairly and fully embarked in the great cause of independence. We feel that they could not, and we know that for the most part they did not, prove recreant to the high obligations which they had assumed, whether as patriots, as warriors, or as Christians.

In this attempt at a sketch of the facts most prominent in our early history, I have confined myself, thus far, to those of a civil and municipal character. I thought it better, for the sake of unity, to present the ecclesiastical affairs of Topsfield in one connected view. In point of fact, however, they were, as you well know, constantly and closely intermingled with those of a secular description. Hardly had the first feeble band of colonists planted themselves here in the woods, ere they established among them the



preaching of the Gospel. In 1641, the Rev. William Knight, a resident of Ipswich, began to preach to the little company, and probably continued his labors for several years. Mr. Knight died, as it is supposed, in 1655. It was in that year that the Rev. William Perkins came hither from Gloucester. Like Mr. Knight, he officiated a number of years. Of this distinguished Topsfield patriarch and truly good man, I shall have occasion to speak again. In 1663, a church was regularly constituted, and Thomas Gilbert was ordained the pastor. Mr. Gilbert, by birth a Scotchman, had been a clergyman of the Established Church, at Chedlie and at Edling, in England. He was one of the two thousand clergymen, who were ejected from their benefices by the Act of Uniformity, in 1662; so that he came almost directly from an English vicarage or curacy, to be the minister of a Puritan Congregational Church in the woods of Topsfield. Of his ministry here, little is known. He had difficulties with his people, who sometimes arraigned their pastor before the courts of law. This appears from an answer recorded in the Rowley Church Book, as made to an application from Topsfield, when the latter sought the aid of Rowley in the ordination of Mr. Gilbert's successor. This, the church in Rowley declined to render, on the ground, in part, that Topsfield had not treated Mr. Gilbert well—although they conceded, at the same time, that Mr. Gilbert "had great failings." This twice-ejected minister died in Charlestown, in the year 1673. <sup>(7)</sup>

In 1672, Jeremiah Hobart was ordained here. His father, Rev. Peter Hobart, first minister of Hingham,



was a noted personage in Massachusetts. His long and obstinate contest with the Government is detailed, at length, in Gov. Winthrop's Memoir. The course of the son here was far from being a smooth one. His people accused him of immoralities, and withheld his pay. He, in his turn, sued the people, and obtained judgment. At the end of eight years he, too, was dismissed. Mr. Hobart was again settled at Hempstead, L. I., where he staid a number of years. But finding, after a while, that his congregation had nearly all left, he concluded to go also. The people of Haddam, Ct., then took him up, and there he made out to stay until his final departure, in his 88th year. Although no special odor of sanctity seems to dwell around the name of this second regular minister of Topsfield, it is connected, nevertheless, with some others of eminent renown. His wife was Dorothy Whiting, daughter of the distinguished first minister of Lynn, and maternally descended from the titled family of St. John. Their daughter, Sarah, married a Brainard, and thus became the mother of that celebrated Missionary, whose name is inscribed on the same illustrious roll with those of Eliot, and Swartz, and Martyn. From a brother of Jeremy Hobart, was descended the Hon. John Sloss Hobart, long a Judge of the Supreme Court of New-York, and from another of his brothers, sprang John Henry Hobart, the far-famed bishop of that name.

Joseph Capen, a native of Dorchester, was the first of the Topsfield clergymen, who was born on this side of the Atlantic. He was a graduate of Harvard College. His ministry here began in 1684, and continued

forty-one years. There is nothing to indicate that he was not an acceptable pastor. He seems to have been discreet in matters of a worldly nature, and faithful to the obligations of his spiritual calling. He must have been a preacher of moderate abilities, if we may judge from a small printed specimen of his sermons,—a discourse delivered at the funeral of a brother minister, and prefaced by one of Increase Mather's pedantic "Introductions." His wife, Priscilla, was the daughter of John Appleton, of Ipswich,—a man of noble spirit and of much distinction. They had daughters, who were married in Topsfield, and some of whose descendants, doubtless, are sitting here. Let me conclude this notice of Mr. Capen, by reciting from the Town-Book one of his receipts for delinquent rate-money. As a specimen of the style in which business transactions were frequently couched in those primitive times, it may not be uninteresting. "Received from Isaac Comings, Constable of Topsfield, for the year one thousand six hundred and eighty-six,—I say, received of him the full of that rate, which was made for my use the year afore-said, and committed to him to collect; I say, received of him for that year, in full, for what was committed to him to gather. Joseph Capen."

After a vacant interval of about three years, Mr. John Emerson was placed over the church and congregation. Mr. Emerson was a grandson of Joseph Emerson, the first Minister of Mendon, Mass., and a brother of the Rev. Joseph Emerson, of Malden. The individual last named, married a daughter of Samuel Moody, the minister of York, so famous for his eccentricities

and his faith. It may gratify some to be informed, that from this couple has descended, four generations down, the beautiful writer, and the eloquent apostle of transcendental philosophy, Ralph Waldo Emerson. The Rev. John Emerson appears to have been a pious clergyman, of respectable attainments,—whose long ministry of forty-six years, flowed on in quiet and harmony. His record of the church throughout this period, is occupied almost entirely with the ordinary details of regular business. I have said that his ministry was peaceful. The remark must be received, however, with some abatement. His people were often very remiss in the payment of his salary. This went so far that, on one occasion, he made a formal proposition to the church for a council of dismissal. To this the church unanimously objected. Nor was this all. The gradual depreciation of the currency at length reduced his nominal salary to a mere pittance. The town's book shows that his reasonable and oft-repeated request for an increase, on this account, was, after numerous refusals, finally granted. Mr. Emerson's labors here, ended almost with his life, just a year before the commencement of hostilities with England. The shrewd and prosperous Thomas Emerson was, as you know, his son.

Five years elapsed before another minister was settled. Yet dark as these years were, with either the fearful menaces, or the stern realities of war,—borne down, as were the people, by the burden of taxes, and by the severity of the times,—let it not be supposed that this matter was neglected. It is, indeed, eminently characteristic of that age, and of its actors,

that the records of town meetings, held here immediately before, and immediately after the all-exciting scenes of Lexington and Charlestown, evince an attention to this important object,—the procuring of a minister,—just as earnest, and, to all appearance, just as unruffled, as though the cloud which had so long overhung the land, had not already begun to dart its fiery bolts, and to pour in streams of blood.

The Rev. Daniel Breck began his ministry in 1779. It appears from the church book that he early attempted to introduce some reforms. Church government and discipline had, as he thought, become lax and inoperative, and he aimed at giving them vitality and power. It was only natural that this should give offence, and awaken enmity. The opposition to his ministry from this, or from some other cause, became, at length, too strong to resist, and the result was an honorable dismissal after nine years of service. Mr. Breck was a man of fair talents, and a good writer; but in the pulpit his executive ability was small. He removed to Hartland, in Vermont, where he was re-settled, and died, not many years since, in extreme old age. While in Topsfield, he married the daughter of Elijah Porter, one of the ablest and best of its citizens. His son, Daniel, born here, February 12, 1788, is now a highly respected member of our National Councils from the State of Kentucky.

On the 12th of November, 1789, the Rev. Asahel Huntington was here inducted into the sacred office.



The ordained and the ordainers of that day, have, with a single exception, long since gone to their reward. The Rev. Samuel Nott, of Franklin, Ct.,—Mr. Huntington's friend, and senior by some years,—still survives, an almost centenarian wonder. On Mr. Huntington's most useful and acceptable ministry—on that plain good sense,—that unfailing discretion,—that mild benevolence, and that blameless life, which made him so safe a model and so sure a guide,—I certainly need not enlarge, in the presence of those fathers and mothers, now white with age, who knew and loved him,—or of their children here, who have learned from them to revere his memory.

I must close here my notices of the pulpit in Topsfield. Not that its occupants of a later period, its interests, or its history, are less important, or less worthy of commemoration;—but because they are comparatively recent;—a part, if I may so say, of your own consciousness, and far better known to you all, than they can be to me. <sup>(8)</sup>

The house first erected for public worship in this place, stood not far from the spot where Sylvanus Wildes, Esq., used to live. Such, at least, is the tradition. It was, probably, a small and rude structure, designed only for the temporary accommodation of the infant settlement. The second house, which stood in the burying ground, must have been put up before 1676, as we find in the records no mention of its erection. In 1703, the third house was built, on the spot still used for the same purpose. This build-



ing, after having accommodated the inhabitants for more than half a century, became, at length, so dilapidated, that it was declared by a Committee of "Search" to be unworthy of repair. Who does not bless that grateful emotion, that almost pious feeling of attachment, which led Deacon George Bixby to preserve from the wreck of this old edifice, one precious memorial? Transmitted by him to his worthy and equally careful son, it has come down to us unimpaired—and now stands before you, fronting to the south, just as it stood before your ancestors a hundred and forty-seven years ago. Behind me is the venerable chair, from which Capen and Emerson so often rose to preach and pray, conjoined with its old companion, after a separation of ninety years. Let the invaluable relics be safely restored, and carefully preserved: nor again make their appearance in public, till in 1950 they shall once more come from their hundred years' retirement, to grace the Third Centennial of Topsfield.

The date of the fourth meeting-house will never be forgotten by those who were wont in childhood to visit the venerable place. The figures 17—59 separated into two sections by a long hyphen of space, have, indeed, perished with the pillars, whose capitals they adorned. But their image was long ago impressed upon many a mental tablet, from which it will never be effaced, till the tablets themselves shall be no more. It was on the 4th of July, in the year just named, that the frame of this house was raised. The preparations made by the town, and recorded in

its book, give some faint idea of what a great raising was in those days. It was, indeed, an event long to be remembered—for the entire population, men, women, and children, with multitudes from the towns adjacent, then came together to perform, or else to behold and rejoice over the mighty work. To lift those huge oak timbers high in air, and there to place and to secure them, was no child's play, but demanded every stalwart arm for miles around. I find, in the town vote, no mention of derricks or pulleys, or cordage. They depended, it seems, on their own strong sinews, with, perhaps, some slight assistance from hydraulic power. What amount of it was deemed necessary in the present instance, may be gathered from the instructions given to the Committee, who were ordered to provide one barrel of rum and twelve barrels of cider.

The large and respectable edifice to which I now allude, was, in many respects, decidedly in advance of its predecessors. It contained, when first opened for use, a number of pews in the body of the house, and a row of them quite around the side. These were all sold to the wealthier members of the congregation. In the third house there were but three or four pews,—put up by special permission, for as many aristocratic families. The remaining room was occupied by long benches. Upon these the people took their seats—not as accident or fancy led—but exactly where their places had been assigned by a committee, and fixed by the town. This distribution was determined by a rule. With a becoming respect for age, they gave the first and best places to men who were more than

sixty years old, without regard to property. To all the rest, seats were assigned according to the tax they paid. The men and women occupied opposite sides, and the young were disposed of in the rear. After the erection of the third structure, several attempts were made to seat those who had no pews, according to the old principle; but they were, I believe, all unsuccessful. A new order of things had, it seems, begun.

To many of us, the image of that old house, where, for eighty years, the Gospel was proclaimed, and its ordinances dispensed, must be ever dear. Venerable edifice! we see thee still, as when in childhood, we gazed with awe at thy vast form, thy towering spire, thy glittering and ever-restless weathercock. What pictures of the past revive, as thy immense interior once more rises on our mental vision! There was thy pulpit—revered and awful rostrum, where, raised high in air, stood the holy man; there, thy sounding-board, projecting, seemingly unsupported, like an impending avalanche; there, too, thy velvet cushion—soft as feathers could make it, and sending up, when pounded by a vigorous eloquence, clouds of sacred dust. Shall we ever forget thy lofty and spacious gallery—grand receptacle of all ages and both sexes? How well do we remember its foremost seat,—venerable with wrinkled brows and snowy hair. How well recall the denser masses in the rear, where sober middle age, and sprightly youth, were seen, distinct in their ascending ranks, like the vegetable zones of *Ætna*. There, too, in one of the angles, marked by his staff of office,

sat the terrific tything-man. In front of the pulpit, rose, like some well-manned battery, the singers' seats. What volleys of sound did we not receive, unshrinkingly, from that noisy spot! How anxious was the pause,—relieved only by a slight shuffling and by half-stifled hems,—which succeeded the reading of the psalm! How like a small thunder-clap, burst upon the ear, that preluding note, which brought every voice to the right pitch! And then, who can recount the musical glories which hung clustering round Thanksgiving-Day,—when the results of a month's preparation broke upon our heads in a perfect storm of sound? How fearful the strife, when flute and clarionet, and viols, great and small, entered the lists with bass, and counter, and tenor, and treble! And oh! how our hearts beat,—let me use another's words,—“at the turning of a fugue,—when the bass moved forward first, like the opening fire of artillery,—and the tenor advanced next, like a corps of grenadiers,—and the treble followed with the brilliant execution of infantry,—and the trumpet counter shot by the whole, with the speed of darting cavalry:—and then, when all mingled in that battle of harmony and melody, and mysteriously fought their way through, with a well-ordered perplexity, that made us wonder how they ever came out exactly together!”

Will the pictured memory ever fade, of those square pews, with their little banisters, so convenient to twirl—so pleasant to peep through; their uncushioned seats, which were hung on hinges, and raised in prayer-time, and which followed up the amen, with a loud,



rattling, running report, like an old-fashioned militia fire; and the flag-seated chair, that stood in the centre, for mother, or grand-ma'am, or spinster aunt? There were the long, free seats—there was the Elder's pew, with iron stand for hour-glass and christening basin—and there the Deacons' strait, snug box, where those good men were wont to sit, with their faces to the people and their backs to the minister—"the observed of all observers," and examples of the highest edification, when they happened to be dozy.

The first entry bearing on the great subject of *education*, which I remember to have noticed in the Records, belongs to the year 1694. I fear it will not give you a very exalted idea of a teacher's dignity at that day. It is as follows: "The town have agreed that good man, Loudwell, schoolmaster, shall live in the Parsonage house, this year ensuing, to keep scholars, and sweep the meeting-house."

The laws of the colony requiring the maintenance of schools were strict, and were generally enforced. This town, for a long period, had but a single schoolmaster. He was chosen at the annual meeting, and was usually a citizen of the place. A room in some private dwelling was hired for the purpose. The teacher received a small pittance from the treasury, and looked to the parents for the rest. The town did not always comply with the full requisitions of the statute: for, occasionally, it was indicted for neglect, and chose committees to manage its defence in the courts. We have no reason to suppose that the standard of education here, in those



days, was high. The accommodations were poor—the time appropriated was short—the books in use were few and meagre—and the attainments of the teacher were often very moderate. The best school in the times of our fathers, would probably have made but a sorry figure, could it have been contrasted with what we now regard as only respectable.

Let us not, however, underrate the advantages which were then enjoyed. The difference, in this particular, between those times and ours, is less than would at first appear. Was the period of schooling short? That very fact impelled to a more earnest diligence. Were none sent to school until the age of childhood was nearly or quite past? They brought to their tasks, minds more mature, and an avidity for learning which satiety had not yet palled. The men of whom I speak—Topsfield farmers of the 17th and 18th centuries—were certainly not great in book-learning, according to our notions of the thing. But let not the conceited scholar of these days pretend, on this account, to despise them. He would hardly have done so, had it been his lot to encounter them either in business or in argument. They had learned their lessons, not so much from books and masters, as in the harder school, and amid the stern necessities of life. Incessant conflict with a cold and stormy clime—with an untamed wilderness—with a stubborn soil—with the wild beasts and savages—with the French—and finally with the English—had little tendency to make them scholars, or pedants, or sciolists—but it *did* make them *men*.

"Difficulty," says Edmund Burke, "is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves—as He loves us better too. He that wrestles with us, strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill; our antagonist is our helper. This amicable contest with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object; it will not suffer us to be superficial."

From the scanty written remains—but still more from what we have learned of the doings and achievements of those, whom these places once knew, we can form only a favorable opinion of their mental qualities. Their spelling and syntax might not always conform to rule—at least to *our* rule—but they knew what they meant to say, and they *said* it. Their phraseology was often quaint, but it was not often senseless, or impertinent. If they talked but little, we may feel sure that they talked quite as much to the purpose, as the more ambitious and longer-winded speakers of the present.

Nor should it be forgotten, that if their literary and scientific acquisitions were moderate, few of them were ignorant of the Book of books. All were required to attend on the instructions of the sanctuary. The influence of a metaphysical theology—the constant and earnest consideration and discussion of that theme, which they regarded as infinitely more important than any other—could not fail to make them acute and intellectually strong. On the whole, it is no reproach, but

high praise, to say—as we must say of multitudes then—that the extent of their attainments scarcely exceeded that of the humble cottager, who, we are told,

“Just knew and knew no more—her bible true.” (9)

The history of the *medical profession* in this place is, so far as I have been able to get at it, soon told. I have seen no mention of any physician here, earlier than the second quarter of the last century. At that time, there was living in Topsfield, a Doctor Michael Dwinell, so at least he is repeatedly styled in the Records. I know nothing of him, except that he held several petty offices in the town. Next appears the name of Doct. Joseph Bradstreet, who died at an advanced age in the latter part of the century. His practice, I think, must have been somewhat limited; for he used occasionally to keep the town school. Richard Dexter seems to have been the first physician of much note. I can state nothing respecting his origin or education. He was somewhat highly connected, for he married the sister of General Israel Putnam, of Revolutionary fame. He had, I believe, the confidence of the people here, not only as a physician, but as a citizen. In regard to his professional skill, I can only say, that whatever it might be, it was not justly subject to the reproach of being merely “book-learned.” His medical library contained just two volumes. Dr. Dexter’s death occurred in 1783, and in that year Dr. Cleaveland and Dr. Merriam settled in the town. They were both young men—the former being a native of Ipswich, and the latter of Concord, in this State. From that time they divided between



them the medical practice of the place, and often extended their visits into the neighboring towns. Dr. Merriam died in 1817, at the age of 59, leaving his name and profession to a son, still conspicuous here. To these two men, in the hour of sickness and of danger, the families of Topsfield long entrusted themselves, and found no reason to withdraw their confidence. Many of their former patients still survive. To these I cheerfully commit the memory of their skill, their kindness, and their virtues; and to these, for obvious reasons, I leave their eulogy. <sup>(10)</sup>

In the list of *lawyers* resident, Topsfield makes a still humbler show. In the days of my boyhood, and for many a year before, there was but one lawyer here, and he was "*the Lawyer*." Sylvanus Wildes, who so long held this title, unshared and undisputed, was a lineal descendant of John Wilds, one of the first settlers of the town, and one of the principal men. Mr. Wildes graduated at Cambridge, studied law, and was admitted to the bar. Had he been ambitious of legal eminence, and its attendant emoluments, he would undoubtedly have posted himself in one of the sea-board towns. Instead of that, he returned to his birth-place and his patrimonial acres. No painted, one storied office, with conspicuous sign, proclaimed his place of business, or drew within its small enclosure crowds of eager and angry litigants. Whoever wished him to write a deed, or to make out a writ, might go and look for him in the corn-field. If his legal business did not make him rich or fat—neither did it harass him by its labors or its responsibilities. Unvexed by clients,

unopposed by rival lawyers, unchecked by a frowning Bench, and unperplexed by legal quirks and quibbles,—which indeed he heartily despised,—Lawyer Wildes enjoyed the sweets of a perpetual vacation. Who, that knew him, does not still recall his venerable form, his small clothes, his blue ribbed stockings, and his cane,—as he sat conning the Boston Centinel, or denouncing, in no measured terms, the wickedness of a Jacobinical government? Peace be to his memory!

The conclusion, drawn from these facts, would seem to be favorable to the town, so far as relates to the existence and cultivation here of a litigious spirit. Nor is it weakened, when we learn that Mr. Wildes' successor to the solitary honors of the Topsfield Bar,—though sprung from the loins and brought up at the feet of a New-England "Gamaliel,"—has yet found it convenient to eke out his legal profits by occasional drafts on Hovey's Plain, or by now and then withdrawing the deposits from the peat meadows. <sup>(11)</sup>

But appearances are often deceptive. I apprehend that a careful study of the history of Topsfield, from the earliest times to the present hour, would fail to confirm this pleasing notion of its peaceful tendencies. The habit of contending much at law, was indeed a common fault among the towns and people of New-England in former days. It is certainly to be regretted, if our little hamlet have retained the practice, long after its neighbors had abandoned it as discreditable and unprofitable—still more, if its fair reputation, as a community, has been made to suffer by



the contemptible quarrels and malignant pertinacity of any of its members.

Topsfield has, if I mistake not, long enjoyed, among its inland neighbors, a considerable reputation, in the department of *vocal music*. It has certainly produced a large share of musical talent, and has, I believe, long abounded in good voices,—particularly in those which are adapted to basso parts. As in most small places, where the means of culture are scanty, the singing here has been more remarkable for strength and accuracy, than for delicacy. In their execution, the choir of Topsfield—I speak of it, historically, and as I remember it—seldom failed to show power—but were not always careful to acquire that “temperance,” which alone can give it “smoothness.”

This allusion to a delightful art, cannot fail to revive, in many minds, the name and image of Jacob Kimball. He was the son of a sensible and worthy man, and belonged to a family, more than usually intelligent. Having graduated at Harvard College, he studied law, and commenced the practice in Amherst, N. H. But, unfortunately, he was convivial, and sprightly, and a fine singer. These attractions made him popular. He was drawn into the vortex of social amusement, and, alas! of social indulgence also. Having no appetite for the dry details of law and business, he soon abandoned his profession, and became a school-master and a music-teacher. In the latter capacity he was widely-known, and he also enjoyed some celebrity as a composer. I would willingly prolong a theme, which

might be made both amusing and instructive. But I must forbear. Those frailties, which sullied, and perhaps shortened a career, that might have been so bright, cannot, even now, be recalled without a sigh. May they never be recalled without profit.

Among the minor changes in matters of custom and taste, which he who travels through a New England book of records cannot fail to notice, is the gradual but entire fading out of those small aristocratic distinctions, which were so carefully cherished in the earlier periods of the Commonwealth. Our forefathers exhibited the singular combination of sturdy republicans and good loyalists, while their notions of democratic equality seem to have been drawn rather from imperious Rome, than from easy and elegant Athens. But the aristocratic element, previously weakened, could not survive the shock of the Revolution. The glory of Mist'ers, and Captains, and Ensigns, and Corporals, declined, and these once important epithets no longer appear. I need not suggest how many pregnant pages of our unwritten history are involved in this simple and silent alteration.

In the baptismal and obituary registers, we see the evidence of no slight mutation in the province of Taste. Until within a period quite recent, we find no person encumbered by more than a single prænomen, —and this, with scarce an exception, was some good old Scripture name. Here and there, indeed, was one from the same revered source, which to some may sound a little hard. Such were Ammi Ruhamah, and

Zorobabel, Tryphena, and Tryphosa. But if these offend our fastidious tastes, we shall find ample amends, while, with delighted eye we read, and with ravished ear repeat, such appellations as the following:—"Alethina Philena;" "Arethusa Elisabeth;" "Abby Atossa;" "Ithamar Evander;" "Wesley De-La-Fletcher;" "Eliza Anne Adelaide," and "Alonzo Augustine."

Was it not, probably, meant as a sort of mock compensation for the departed prefixes of ante-revolutionary times, that our immediate fathers bestowed so many other and higher titles? My elders and co-evals here may well smile, as they recall the jocular solemnity with which those titles were used by the whole community. Lest mistakes should hereafter arise in regard to a matter so important, I think it proper to inform my younger auditors, and through them, posterity, that King Perkins, Governor Averell, and Colonel Cree, long sustained their high civil and military dignities, without the burden of one official care. In the obituary and marriage record, I have noticed the nuptials of a—"Prince," and the death of a—"Cæsar." Though obscurity shrouds the names and deeds of these chieftains, I am inclined to think that they were of African origin. With "Madam" Dexter died, I believe, the last Topsfield lady who bore that honorable appellation,—and I am not aware that any one has succeeded to the respectable title, so long and so gracefully worn by "Gentleman John."

It would be a work of deep interest and of high

advantage, to trace genealogically, and topographically, and (may I add?) locomotively also, the history of those families which first settled the town. And by this, I mean—to follow them through all their wanderings, and to pursue them in their minutest ramifications. What a picture of progress, of growth, of vast results from small beginnings, would such a labor unfold! But a work like this is one of time, of patience, of persevering industry, and of considerable expense. It is a singular fact—and one not altogether creditable to the town,—that the little which has been done in this way for Topsfield names, has been accomplished by individuals, who are not residents of the place.

From the scanty materials within my reach, I have gathered a few facts of this description, some of which I will present. You will perceive that I am, by compulsion, limited to those families whose history has been more or less investigated.

The earliest recorded name among the Topsfield settlers, is that of Zacheus Gould. This appears in a petition to Ipswich in 1644, for aid to make a village about his farm. Zacheus Gould is represented by his descendant, Rev. Daniel Gould, as having come from Great Messingham. This is a town in the county of Lincoln. It seems far more probable that he was from Messing in Essex. He is supposed to have come to America in 1638, and to have settled here in 1643. His original grant of several hundred acres was in what is now the western part of Topsfield. By subse-



quent purchase he added largely to this, until his domain had swelled to nearly three thousand acres. This large tract lying partly in Boxford, descended to his only son, John,—who was, for many years, a prominent person in the town. He often represented his fellow-citizens in the General Court, and, for a long time, commanded the military company—when such an office was no sinecure. I have already given you a touch of his quality, as displayed in the time of Andros. This rural magnate divided his noble farm among his five sons. Of them, John, and afterwards, Joseph, succeeded to his offices and honors, both civil and military. Another John—son of Zacheus, and grandson of John the Patriarch, became a man noted and useful. He represented the town at the breaking out of the Revolution, and continued in that responsible station until 1778, when he died on his post, at Watertown, of the small-pox. His brother Zacheus was also an exceedingly capable, useful, and benevolent man. Of the last named John's two sons, one is yet well remembered here as “good Deacon John.” The other was Captain Benjamin Gould. He held commissions in the militia, and afterwards in the Continental Army. He saw his first service on the day of Lexington Fight, and to his latest hour, an honorable scar bore testimony to his bravery on that occasion. On the 17th of June he was one of the reinforcement so unaccountably delayed, and which reached the Hill too late to save the Redoubt, and in time only to join with its gallant defenders in their retreat. <sup>(12)</sup> At the time when Col. Wade, of Ipswich, then at West Point, received that note from Washington, which apprized him of Arnold's defection, and

charged him to maintain the fortress at all hazards, Captain Gould commanded a company in his regiment. In the events which preceded and compelled the surrender of Burgoyne, he bore his share. But let me tell the story of Captain Gould's Revolutionary services in his own language. It was recorded by a filial pen, in words, which have been read, and felt, and admired by thousands,—and which will continue to be read, till poetry and patriotism shall no longer touch the heart. His little grandson sits upon the veteran's knee, and begs that he will tell him that story of "the wars."

"Come, Grandfather, show how you carried your gun,  
To the field, where America's freedom was won,  
Or bore your old sword, which you say was new then,  
When you rose to command and led forward your men?  
And say how you felt, with the balls whizzing by,  
When the wounded fell round you, to bleed and to die!"

The prattler had stirred in the veteran's breast,  
The embers of fire that had long been at rest;  
The blood of his youth rushed anew through his veins;  
The veteran returned to his weary campaigns;  
His perilous battles at once fighting o'er,  
While the soul of nineteen lit the eye of four-score.

"I carried my musket, as one that must be  
But loosed from the hold of the dead or the free,  
And fearless I lifted my good, trusty sword,  
In the hand of a mortal, the strength of the Lord:  
In battle, my vital flame, freely I felt,  
Should go, but the chains of my country to melt."

"I sprinkled my blood upon Lexington's sod,  
And Charlestown's green height to the war drum I trod,  
From the fort on the Hudson our guns I depressed,  
The proud coming sail of the foe to arrest;  
I stood at Still-water, the Lakes and White Plains,  
And offered for Freedom, to empty my veins."

"This good and brave man long survived the stirring and trying scenes of his youth and manhood. He lived to see his children prosperous and honored. The cradle of his declining age was gently rocked by hands of affection, until, on his ninetieth birth-day, he fell asleep. <sup>(13)</sup>

Major Joseph Gould, who must be still remembered by some of the living, was another grandson of the stiff old patriarch John. He is said to have been a man of moderate intellect, but brave as forty lions. On the ever memorable and ever glorious 19th of April, the news from Lexington, spreading like wild-fire in every direction, reached this place at about 10 o'clock in the forenoon. The farmers were busy in their fields;—but there was no hesitation. The plough was stayed in mid-furrow—and within an hour, many were on their way to the scene of conflict. Joseph Gould commanded one of the Topsfield companies. When and where, exactly, they came up with the retreating enemy, I do not know. Somewhere, they found them, and from behind a low wall or dyke, began their murderous fire. But their heroic Captain disdained such shelter. He thought it, perhaps, undignified for an officer to lie down. So he stood bolt upright—gave his orders—faced the enemy and the bullets, and, as good luck would have it, came off unhurt.

You must very generally remember the Rev. Daniel Gould,—his triennial visits to this, his birth-place,—and his pathetic farewell sermons, begun, when he seemed

quite an old man—but continued and repeated from year to year, until they used to excite anything but *tears*. This worthy man, who was a great grand-son of the oldest John Gould, and a lineal possessor of the original homestead, has left a manuscript history of the Gould family in Topsfield. It contains some valuable information, but is more remarkable for its pious spirit, than it is for statistic accuracy or completeness. At the close, he gives a brief sketch of what he considers the characteristic qualities of the Gould race. As many of the name now here have, perhaps, never seen this document, they may be pleased to hear themselves described by this learned “clerk,” this

“Clansman born—this kinsman true.”

Having, in the course of his narrative, mentioned one of the Zacheuses—a favorite name among them, he says, “I know little of him, except that he was a man very much set in his way,” which, adds the old gentleman, “*is peculiarly characteristic of the family.*” “I would observe,” he says, “generally, that the Gould family are as steady a set of people as are any where to be found, and are good and peaceable members of society. They have been, in all their generations, independent farmers, and live by their industry, without troubling or disturbing others. They are warm and steady friends, and kind and benevolent to all men. They are not greatly enterprising, but live in a state of *mediocrity*, nor are they much given to literature or reading. It is not so hard to appease as to provoke them. They content themselves with their own private affairs, highly esteeming their own ways, customs, and



habits; without looking much beyond themselves to be benefited by the improvements or vain philosophy of others. They are deliberate in laying their plans, and not hasty in the execution of them. In a word, implicit trust and confidence may be placed in them; for they *despise* truckling, fraud, and deceit. Honesty, justice, and truth, are the characteristics of the family."

From a very early period in the history of this town, the Peabody name has been identified with it. Thanks to the spirit of family pride or of antiquarian curiosity, great pains have recently been taken to dig out the roots and follow out the branches of the old Peabody tree. Old, it may well be called, since it has already attained to a growth of nearly two thousand years. Boadie, it seems, was the primeval name. He was a gallant British Chieftain, who came to the rescue of his Queen Boadicea, when "bleeding from the Roman rods." From the disastrous battle in which she lost her crown and life, he fled to the Cambrian mountains. There his posterity lived and became the terror of the lowlands. Thus it was, that the term PEA, which means "mountain," was prefixed to BOADIE, which means "man." There was a Peabody, it seems, among the Knights of the Round Table, for the name was first registered, with due heraldic honors, by command of King Arthur himself.

But leaving camps and courts, and dropping down through a few centuries of time, we find ourselves at a small place in Hertfordshire, about seventeen miles from London, and called St. Albans. A young man, now

just of age, is about leaving his birth-place and country for a distant land. He has called on the Minister and obtained a certificate of good character, and the Justices of the Peace have borne similar attestation. The parting scene is soon over—and next we find him embarked in the ship *Planter*, Captain *Trarice*, and bound for New-England. This was in 1635. Three years afterwards this young adventurer—whose name is *Francis Pabody*, is living at *Hampton*, now in the S. E. corner of New Hampshire. <sup>(14)</sup> After spending a few years in that place, where he makes himself, at once, active and useful, he removes, finally, to *Topsfield*, and this place continues to be his residence from 1657 to 1698, the year of his death.

At the period when the business transactions of this town begin to appear on record, *Lieut. Francis Pabody* was evidently the first man in the place, for capacity and influence. And such he continued to be, until the infirmities of age, we may presume, withdrew him from the activities of life. He owned much land in *Topsfield*, in *Boxford*, and in *Rowley*. The first mill in this place was set up by him, on the stream which flows by the spot where he lived. His wife was a daughter of *Reginald Foster*, whose family, *Mr. Endicott*, in his genealogy of the *Peabodys*, informs us, is “honorably mentioned” by *Sir Walter Scott*, in *Marion and the Lay*. What was the exact connection of our *Reginald* and his daughter *Mary*, with those moss-troopers of the Border, who rode so hard and so fruitlessly in the chase of *Young Lochinvar*, does not appear.

Of their large family, three sons settled in Boxford, and two remained in Topsfield. From these five patriarchs, have come, it is said, all the Peabodys in this country. Among those of this name who have devoted themselves to the sacred office, the Rev. Oliver Peabody, who died at Natick, almost a hundred years ago, is honorably distinguished. Those twin Peabodys, now alas! no more—William Oliver Bourne and Oliver William Bourne, twins, not in age only, but in genius and virtue, learning and piety, will long be remembered with admiration and regret. The Rev. David Peabody of this town, whom you well knew, and who died while a Professor in the College at Hanover, deserves honorable mention. A kinsman of his, also of Topsfield, is at this moment, laboring, a devoted missionary in the ancient land of Cyrus. The Rev. Andrew T. Peabody of Portsmouth, and Rev. Ephraim Peabody of Boston, are too well and favorably known to require that I should more than allude to them. Professor Silliman, of Yale College, is descended on one side from a Peabody.

Like the Goulds, the Peabody name has abounded in brave and patriotic spirits. Among them we find a general, three colonels, seven captains, five lieutenants, and one cornet. Many of these served in the French and the Revolutionary wars. One of them fell with Wolfe and Montcalm, on the plains of Abraham. Another assisted at the capture of Ticonderoga and of Louisburg, and in the siege of Boston. Another was among the most gallant of the combatants on Bunker Hill. Another commanded a company in the Conti-

mental army, and sent his sons to the war as fast as they became able. One more, Nathaniel Peabody, of Atkinson, N. H., commanded a regiment in the war of the Revolution, and subsequently represented his state in the Continental Congress.

In medicine and law, the reputation of the name rests more, perhaps, on the quality, than on the number of practitioners. In commerce, too, this family may boast of at least one eminent example—one architect of a princely fortune. I need not name him.

The Perkinses, a name more frequent here than any other, are descended in distinct lines, from two individuals,—John and William, who were probably cousins. John Perkins came, it is supposed, from Newent, England, where he was born in 1590. He was a fellow passenger in the ship *Lyon*, with the great Roger Williams, and arrived at Boston in 1631. Two years afterward, he settled in Ipswich. The island at the mouth of our river, long called Perkins', but now Giddings' Island, belonged to him. His house was near Manning's Neck, and close to the river. This patriarch represented Ipswich in the General Court, and was evidently a man of mark in that highly respectable community. Thomas Perkins was his second son, and, at the age of fifteen, came with his father, from old England. He settled, early, in Topsfield, where, in 1660, he had become a large proprietor. He is the Dea. Thomas Perkins, sen., of the Topsfield records, where we find honorable mention of his name. His wife was daughter of old Zacheus Gould, thus



blending with that ancient and honorable name, all the Perkinses here of Thomas' line. His house stood near where Thomas Perkins now lives—hard by the Newburyport Turnpike. He died in 1686. Dea. Thos. Perkins' second son was named Elisha, and his wife was Katharine Towne. Thomas, their eldest son, with Mary Wildes, his wife, removed in 1719 to Arundel, in Maine. Of this place,—afterwards called Kennebunk Port—he was one of the principal inhabitants. For a minute and interesting account of the Perkins family, now numerous in that place, the readers of Bradbury's History of the Town are indebted to Horatio N. Perkins, Esq., of Boston:—a direct descendant, through the above-named Captain Thomas of Kennebunk, from Dea. Thomas Perkins of Topsfield;—and one, who has done, I believe, more than any or all others of his lineage, to rescue from oblivion the name and virtues of his ancestry.

John, a house-carpenter, was the third son of Dea. Thomas. Of his five sons, Moses was the youngest, and married Anna Cummings. The humble cottage in which he lived and reared a numerous family, has been converted into a repository for fuel, and still stands by the road-side, on the River Hill, just below the mansion, which was built by his greatly prospered son. The life and character of Capt. Thomas Perkins are too well known to need description here. The ambitious spirit which drew or drove the young cooper from his father's workshop, to encounter the hardships and hazards of the sea; his subsequent thrift and enterprize; his long association with Captain Peabody;

his retirement from active business, and his protracted sojourn on the hill-side where he was born; the quiet habits of the secluded old bachelor, and the frugal, simple life of the seemingly unconscious millionaire,—are all fresh in the memory of many who now hear me.

We cannot claim, as of Topsfield origin, that great mechanician, to whose ingenious and useful discoveries and inventions, Europe as well as America, paid the tribute of a willing admiration. Yet it may be interesting in this connection to learn, that Jacob Perkins, formerly of Newburyport, and late of London, was directly descended from the same John Perkins of Ipswich, to whom so many of the Topsfield Perkinses have now been traced.

But there was another Perkins even more distinguished than Dea. Thomas, in the early annals of the town. The Rev. Wm. Perkins was a native of London, and was born in 1607. In 1633 we find him associated with the illustrious John Winthrop, jun., and eleven others, the first settlers of Ipswich. The following year he removed to Roxbury, where he married Elisabeth Wooton. In 1640 he revisited his native country. Soon after his return, we find him representing Weymouth in the General Court, acting as leader of a military company,—and one of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. From 1650 to 1655, he was preaching to the inhabitants of Gloucester. From that place he came to Topsfield. Here, after having preached a few years, he spent the re-

mainder of his life in the calm pursuits of husbandry. Among the early settlers of the town, Mr. William Perkins was, probably, the most accomplished person. He was a scholar and a man of business,—a farmer, a clergyman, a soldier, and a legislator. In each of these relations,—so unlike, and, according to present notions, so incompatible,—he bore himself, so far as we can learn, with ability and discretion. His children appear to have been all well married; and their social position, in those days of aristocratic distinctions and manners, must have been on the topmost level,—since one of his daughters married a son of Gov. Bradstreet, and one of his sons, a daughter of Major-General Denison.

A written, and it is supposed an autograph account of the births and baptisms of his children, their marriage, &c., has been preserved. This interesting document is interspersed with ejaculatory expressions, which breathe a spirit of humble piety as well as of paternal affection. He died in 1682. This useful and good man transmitted to his sons a large portion of his own willingness and capacity for public business—if any judgment can be formed from the prominence of their names among the official agents of the town. Among these names—that of Tobijah, who passed successively from the rank and title of corporal to that of captain, is specially distinguished. Another Tobijah of a later period, was also a military leader. At the time of the Revolution, there was probably no man here, more prominent or efficient, than Capt. Stephen Perkins, another of the same descent. It is sufficient

to point, as we can, to-day, to the pulpit, the bar, and the bench, to show, that migration has not impaired the virtues of the race.

Joseph Herrick, the first of that name who settled in Topsfield, was a grandson of Henry Herrick, of Salem, the patriarchal head of a vast family. Joseph resided on Mine Hill, where Nathaniel Porter lately lived. His name appears often in the Records, as a person of note. The burying-ground in that vicinity was given by him, in 1739, to a number of Topsfield and Middleton families. His grandson, Israel, lived awhile in Topsfield and Boxford; but finally died in Lewiston, Maine. He entered the army as a lieutenant, in 1745, and was out in nineteen campaigns. In 1763, he left the service a major, by brevet. The war of Independence again called him to the field, and he was among the defenders of Bunker Hill.—Nehe-miah Herrick was another grandson of Joseph, and inherited and occupied the homestead. After serving the town long, and in various capacities, he removed to Cavendish, Vermont.

Those of the name now resident here, are descendants in the seventh and eighth generations from John, of Beverley, the seventh child of the patriarch above named. Though their migration hither is of recent date, they are still, in part, of Topsfield origin, having sprung from Mary Redington, who was a Topsfield girl, nearly two hundred years ago.



The Porters, now almost extinct in the place, were for many years among the first in talent and respectability. Nathaniel and Elijah Porter were probably among the earliest settlers in what was long called Blind Hole—an epithet, derived, it is supposed, from the extreme density of the forest in that spot. The ground which they occupied is still partly in the Porter name, and partly forms the fair fields and luxuriant orchards of the old Cummings place. Elijah sold his interest in Blind Hole, and purchased the house and land afterwards owned by Dr. Cleaveland. He was evidently a capable and ready man, useful in the church, and active in town affairs. He was more than once a representative to the General Court, and when he died, held the office of town-clerk and treasurer. A cousin of his, the Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Porter, was educated at Cambridge. The Revolutionary War was not over when he was settled in the little town of Conway, New-Hampshire. Here, almost beneath the shadow of Mount Washington, he lived in usefulness and peace to the great age of ninety-two. <sup>(15)</sup>

Among the names early found here, and long respectable, but which have passed entirely away, there was, perhaps, none more worthy than that of Redington. Elizabeth Redington, daughter of Abraham, was born in 1645, and hers is the first recorded birth. John, a brother, doubtless, of Abraham, seems to have settled here at the same time. They were together on a committee to run the line between Topsfield and Salem, in 1659. From this date, for nearly or quite

a hundred years, the name of Redington is prominent among those who were selected as representatives, jurymen, schoolmasters, and municipal officers. Of this scattered family, I have been able to trace the migrations and present abode of but a single branch. Early in the 18th century, Thomas Redington appears to have removed to Boxford. Abraham, one of the sons, went into Maine. Of his children, who were among the first settlers of Vassalboro' and Waterville, one still lives in vigorous and venerable age. I refer to Samuel Redington, now of Hampden, Maine, who was for many years an efficient and highly esteemed member of the Massachusetts and Maine legislatures. A son of his is, at this time, the Adjutant-General of Maine, and Mayor of the city of Augusta. His nephew, Judge Asa Redington, is the Law Reporter for that State. If the other Redingtons, who sprung from Topsfield sires, and who are living,—I know not where,—be doing as well as those just named, it is fair to conclude that there is no degeneracy among *them*.

My endeavors to ascertain the precise antiquity of the most ancient dwelling-houses here, have been attended with but small success. The honor of being "the oldest house in town" is claimed for three or four; and it is a question of precedence, which, for want of positive evidence, seems likely to remain open. The Capen house—so called—erected by the minister of that name, is undoubtedly very old. It was standing at the beginning of the 18th century, we know; how much earlier it is impossible to tell.

The house in which Col. Bradstreet lately lived, belongs, it is supposed, to the first quarter of the last century. If actually of that date, it was built with an attention to looks and comfort, by no means usual at the time. The cottage which bore the name of the Governor, and which he is believed to have erected, stood more to the west, upon the opposite side of the road.

There has been a traditionary opinion, that the house formerly owned by Rev. Daniel Gould, and now on the land of Captain Elliot, is extremely ancient. This opinion is not wholly without confirmation. A few months since, the chimney of this house was taken down. Between the wood work and the bricks was found an ancient paper in good preservation. Its date is Feb. 1, 1675. It is an account presented by John Ruck and John Putnam, to the Proprietors of the Iron Works in Rowley Village,—with the doings of a meeting of said Proprietors. It is not strange that such a paper should have been in this house, for Zacheus and John Gould are known to have been interested in those works. The house may be,—probably it is, quite as old as the paper. If so—rude and rejected as it is, it should strongly interest every bearer of the Gould name. It is the rough but honest cradle of their race. There, probably, lived Zacheus, the first,—there, undoubtedly, lived their brave and pious ancestor, Capt. John Gould.

The cottage, which once held within its coarse oak walls and ceiling the germs of all the Peabodys in

America, is, I suppose, still in existence. The house, now owned and occupied by Aaron Kneeland, has every mark of antiquity. It stands, undoubtedly, on the spot where Francis Pabody first planted himself, as early as 1657, and was, in all probability, erected by him, although not his first habitation. <sup>(16)</sup>

I have, let me confess, looked of late with an unwonted interest on these two relics of a distant past. Heretofore, they were but the squalid abodes of families unknown to me. No historic honors or associations had then spread over them their magic charm. But, more recently, I have stood and gazed at them, until I saw them again encircled by the very forests from which their massive timbers and hard planks were taken. Next, I re-peopled them with their original tenants—with valiant men, and firm, true-hearted women—a strong, industrious, and pious race. And then Imagination took wing, and tracked from these two little fountains the streams of a successive emigration;—streams that have flowed and spread, and multiplied as they spread,—until a thousand communities, scattered far and wide over all the land, have felt and have blessed their refreshing influences.

How many heroes of the battle-field,—how many sages at the council-board,—what lights of the pulpit and of the forum,—what enterprises of business and of benevolence,—what conquests of science and of art,—and what strains of poetry divine,—might all go back for their origin, and acknowledge as their cradle-homes, that old house on the Gould plain, and that



dilapidated cottage by the Peabody mill-pond! Can any ivied ruin of feudal fortress—can the proudest architecture of baronial hall, or lordly palace, boast of associations, or exhibit a history, more truly, or more gloriously sublime? Who does not wish that such memorials as these—such witnesses as they, to the simple greatness of our pilgrim sires, might be piously protected, and long preserved from the destroying elements, and still more fatal hand of man!

There are now living in Massachusetts, a dozen descendants from old Topsfield men, each of whom, probably,—(I say it without a metaphor,)—could overlay with solid silver, or with beaten gold, the plain, unplastered cottages, which their fathers reared among these woods, and in which they lived revered, and died lamented.

Let it not be imagined that this remark is prompted by any blind admiration of mere wealth. Compared with the priceless treasures of intellect and heart, it seems—it must seem—to every well-regulated mind, more worthless than the dust we tread on. Unaccompanied and uncontrolled by intelligence, virtue, and benevolence, it only bloats its possessor into a more hideous deformity,—it only gibbets him on a more ridiculous and more ignominious elevation. But there are those who have seen, with the Roman moralist, its proper beauty and its true splendor. There are those who have learned in a better school, and from a Divine Master, their duty and their responsibility as stewards. Happy is it for the communities to which they belong

and happy and glorious for themselves, if the rich descendants of Francis Pabody, John Gould, John Wilds, and Thomas Perkins, understand as well, and discharge as truly, each personal and social obligation, as did those worthy men from whose loins they sprung.

I have scarcely left myself room for placing, side by side, in the strong lights of comparison and of contrast, those dissimilar pictures—the present and the past. This is the less needful, inasmuch as the principal changes that have been effected in the usages of society, and in the habits, manners, and condition of the people, have occurred within a period comparatively recent. The memory of your oldest men runs back to days, when the primitive simplicity of the first hundred years had not departed. They have not forgotten a single feature of those flinty, those iron times. How often have we heard from their own lips, the touching narrative of penury, of hardship, and of toil! The rise and progress of modern manufactures and machinery, have, of necessity, banished from the farms of Topsfield their sheep-folds and flax-fields,—and from your houses the spinning-wheel and the loom. This great alteration, so materially affecting the style and habits of domestic industry, belongs even to the present century. Still later, and scarcely less important, is the extensive introduction among yourselves, of the shoe manufacture. But upon these matters of your own familiar experience, I need not dwell. <sup>(17)</sup>

It may, perhaps, be expected that I shall touch upon the question of progress and degeneracy,—and re-

vive, if not rashly attempt, to settle that long-agitated dispute—the contest for superiority between the ancients and the moderns. In the great elements of mind and character, has Topsfield advanced or declined as it has grown older?—Under the wise and eternal constitution of things, men are trained and formed, not only for, but by the times in which they happen to live. I have already had occasion to allude to those invigorating influences, under which our fathers became shrewd, and wise, and valiant, and virtuous. In the more robust elements of mind and of character, I question if there have been an advance. I seriously doubt whether as many men, strong for council and for action, could now be summoned from the homes of Topsfield, as used to assemble in the old meeting-house in 1775. But the same intellectual and moral elements are here still. The blood which warmed those rural sages and heroes, yet flows, it is to be hoped, undebased, in your veins. Should the emergency ever come,—should the times again grow eventful and dark,—should you see your dearest rights and privileges in danger,—you would prove yourselves worthy of your fathers:—would you not?

That there has been a constant and marked advance in knowledge and refinement, with their many liberalizing influences and adorning graces, admits of no doubt. That there has been any deterioration, on the whole, even in morals and religion, I should be slow to believe. Indeed, I think it can be shown that there has been actual improvement. I love to cherish an undoubting faith in humanity, and in pro-

gress. I look not at individual cases of degeneracy and degradation—such have always existed. I make no reference to whole families, once prosperous and respectable, now ignoble or extinct. So it has ever been. We must look at man, as he appears in the great mass, and in the long run,—and then we find his career to be ever onward and upward. This gradual, but sure advancement, in all that relates to his physical and moral well-being, may not unaptly be compared to the slow upheaving of a continent. Forces of resistless energy, unseen, indeed, and unheard, are steadily at work below. No agitation in the mighty mass—no visible motion, apprizes the dwellers on its surface, of the constantly progressive process. And yet its reality is incontestibly proved, if not from year to year, at least from age to age, by the retreating sea-marks on the shore.

And now,—though deeply conscious that I leave many things untouched, and that the whole is imperfect, I must hasten to a conclusion.

Descendants of the men who first subdued and planted the hills and plains of Topsfield! Do you not feel, in view of even this faint and feeble portraiture of your ancestors, that you have done well in assembling here this day, to recall and to commemorate their toils and sacrifices, their sufferings and their virtues? What spectacle can be more pleasing than the one here presented? What tribute to the memory and the worth of your forefathers, could be more appropriate than that which you thus render? This sylvan bower—those



azure heavens—the circumjacent landscape—these thousands of animated faces—and the loud acclaim of your own resounding voices ;—do they not bring back, by the power, either of identity or contrast, those earlier gatherings here, on which, even the phlegmatic savage gazed with wonder, two hundred years ago ? Over them, as over you, waved a verdurous canopy. Around them, as now round you, were hung ‘the soft blue curtains’ of the sky. But here the resemblance ends. Where now, in the midst of orchards and fruitful fields, are seen your comfortable homes—then stood among the stumps of their small clearings, the rude habitations of your fathers. That country which now smiles far and wide in cultivated beauty, was then a frowning, interminable, forest-shade. No mild, yet powerful government, of their own erection and choice, stretched over them the ægis of its protecting arm. No opulent commerce poured into their lap the luxuries and treasures of the world. No Lowell or Manchester clothed them with the cheap and abundant products of their looms. No roads, nor rails, nor conveyances, either swift or slow, facilitated their movements from place to place. The plenty and the variety which crown your daily board, were to them unknown.

Yet, were they rich,—in faith ; and strong,—in the simple power of truth and love. More important in their eyes than any physical comforts, were the eternal principles of reason, and liberty, and religion. More precious to them than all the world beside, were their rights of conscience, and their hopes of Heaven.

Yes, revered Forefathers and Founders of this town! we will write upon our memory your honored names, and deep will we enshrine them in our inmost heart. On the fields, which your toil first subdued; in the homes, which your enterprize won and bequeathed; amid the comforts and luxuries, which your sacrifices procured for us; enjoying, unrestrained, the rights and privileges, which England denied to you;—we cannot, and we will not, forget the men, from whom our rich inheritance descended. May the light which you enkindled here—the light of liberty and law, of learning and religion, never go out! Let it be our first employment and our praise to fan and to transmit the sacred flame.

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NOTES

TO THE

ADDRESS.

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## APPENDIX.

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### NOTE I.—PAGE 9.

JOHN ENDICOTT was born in 1588, at Dorchester, in England. Of his family little is known beyond the fact that it was respectable in condition and character. He first comes into public notice in 1628, when we find him associated with John Humphrey, a brother-in-law of the Earl of Lincoln, with Sir Henry Roswell, Sir John Young, and two others, in purchasing from the Plymouth Council for New-England, a large grant of land upon Massachusetts Bay. John Winthrop, Sir Richard Saltonstall, and other wealthy Puritans, joined the association, and Endicott, as a man of tried courage and ability, was selected to conduct the first expedition. He arrived at Naumkeag on the 6th of Sept., 1628, and here in the forest, with some fifty or sixty persons under his direction, set himself resolutely to his great work of founding a state. In the following year he was, by vote of the Company in England, duly appointed Governor of the "Plantation." Sickness soon attacked the settlement, and many died—among them the wife of the governor. With a laudable regard for the pecuniary as well as moral interests of the colony, he prosecuted those, who, in violation of law, traded with the Indians—arrested Morton, of Mt. Wollaston, and sent him home—and cut down the May-pole which this jolly fellow had erected upon Merry Mount. In the summer of this year came a large reinforcement. The arrival of Shelton and Higginson was followed by the establishment of a church on principles of entire independence, over which they were set. Two of Endicott's Council, John and Samuel Browne, displeased at the rejection of the Liturgy, left the congregation, and had a service of their own. The governor at once shipped them for England. The Brownes complained loudly, and the home government cautioned Endicott against rash measures,—but the decision remained unreversed.

In 1630, the government having been transferred to America, Winthrop came out as chief magistrate, Endicott being made one of the Assistants. The seat of authority was soon changed from Salem to Newton, and then to Boston; but Endicott remained in his first home. Higginson died this year, and was succeeded in office by Roger Williams. This great but strange man had already made himself obnoxious to the Boston church, by his censures of their conduct, and the Court reproved Endicott for giving him countenance. In 1632,

Endicott received from the Court a grant of 300 acres, upon which he built, and which he called the Orchard Farm. This pleasant spot, which is more than two miles from what afterwards became the main settlement, was his principal residence for many years. The locality is well known.

In 1634, an important matter came up for discussion among the colonists. It was the question whether the women should wear veils when they went to meeting. Cotton thought that these "signs of submission," might be dispensed with, while Endicott was staunch upon the other side. Affairs of greater moment succeeded. Alarming intelligence was received from England. The colony was seriously menaced with the loss of its patent, and the subversion of its new-found liberty. Letters of private intercession, as well as of public excuse, were sent home. Preparations were made for defence, and a military commission, of which Dudley was President, and to which Endicott belonged, was appointed, "to consult, direct, and give command, for the managing and ordering of any war that might befall," &c. But King Charles soon found so much to occupy him at home, that New-England was spared. It was just before the arrival of the threatening rumors from England, that Endicott, influenced, perhaps, by Williams, cut the red cross from the colors. He was by no means the only one, who regarded this symbol as a Popish and idolatrous emblem. But there was certainly no other man in the colony who dared thus to deface the royal banner. For prudential reasons a show was made of censuring him, but the result at length was, that the cross was laid aside.

Roger Williams, who had repeatedly been in difficulty on account of his free opinions, at last filled up the measure of his offences, and was banished from Massachusetts. Even Endicott, who had hitherto stood by him, and who had suffered hardship for this adherence, was compelled to give him up. This was in 1635. In the following year occurred the first Indian difficulties. Some Englishmen had been killed by the Pequods and Narragansetts. An expedition of four companies, commanded by our hero, was sent to punish them. The Block Islanders, whom he was ordered to exterminate, had warning, and got out of his way. All he could do, then, was to burn their wigwams, stave their canoes, and destroy their corn. He then went among the Pequods, with whom he had a skirmish, which resulted in the death of several of the natives. Though he returned to Boston without loss, the expedition did little more than to exasperate the Indians, and thus brought on that fatal war, in which the Pequot nation perished. In 1641, Endicott's friend and pastor, Hugh Peters, was, after much reluctance on the part of the former, released from his connections in Salem, to go as agent of the government to England. This distinguished man, who was not a theologian merely, and to whom Salem owes the commencement of that marine and commercial activity, for which she has so long been famous, never returned. His subsequent history and unhappy fate need not here be told. This year, Endicott became Deputy-Governor,—a station

which he held till 1644, when he was made chief magistrate. He was succeeded by Dudley at the end of the year, but received, instead, the appointment of Sergeant-Major-General, and that of United Commissioner.

In 1648, a copper mine was discovered upon his land in Topsfield. Mr. Leader, a metallurgist, then superintending the Lynn iron works, having expressed a favorable opinion of the ore, Endicott was at considerable expense in excavating and working it. The location of this mine is well known. More than 120 years after its discovery, it was, in spite of Endicott's failure, again opened, and worked for awhile, at considerable loss to the projectors. After another interval of about seventy years, a company of Salem capitalists caused the old shaft to be cleared out, and subjected the ore to analysis. The result was, that the hole was once more filled up, never again, probably, to be disturbed.

On the death of Winthrop, 1649, Endicott was chosen Governor, and held the office (two years excepted) until his death, in 1665. The Roundheads being now uppermost in England, one of the first acts of the Court, with Endicott and Dudley at its head, was to come out strong against the practice of wearing long hair. In 1656, at the request of the Court, he removed from his beloved Salem to the seat of government. In 1657, he received for £75 paid, another grant in Topsfield of one thousand acres. This land, or a part of it, he afterwards exchanged. This was the time of the Quaker persecution—an affair, which says little for the liberality, or even the good sense, of our fathers. In the indelible reproach, then incurred by Massachusetts, our Governor must bear his share. Let us see to it, however, that he does not bear more. In 1661, Endicott received a Mandamus from the king, requiring the arrest and extradition of Whalley and Goffe. In his executive acts, and especially in his loyal epistle to the Chancellor, Clarendon,—the Puritan Governor tried to manifest a zeal in the royal service, which we cannot possibly suppose that he felt. The actual result was, that the regicides were never given up.

Endicott died on the 4th of February, 1665. He was 77 years old. His history presents us with an admirable specimen of Puritan virtue and greatness. While we trace the record, while we peruse his letters, while we contemplate his pictured features—we can almost see before us, the stern, decisive, fearless and impetuous man, who arrested and sent off the Brownes—and hewed down Morton's May-pole—and struck Goodman Dexter—and slashed the king's banner—and contended so earnestly *for* veils, and *against* long hair. Remarkably fitted, as he was, for the time in which he lived, and the scenes in which he bore so prominent a part, we are compelled to feel that, under no circumstances, could he have been an ordinary personage. He had not the learning and eloquence of Winthrop, nor the prudential wisdom of Bradstreet—but he surpassed them both in manly courage and in heartiness of spirit.

He was as much a Puritan as Dudley, with less austerity. Had he stayed in England he would have been a conspicuous member of the Rump, or one of the leaders of Naseby. His was a better and more glorious lot. Among those illustrious men, who, as the founders of states, have made themselves immortal, his name will descend, with augmenting lustre, to the latest times.

The descendants of Gov. Endicott have been genealogically traced to the ninth generation with the exception of our branch, which removed to New-Jersey. Though the name has not on the whole, been prolific, the name has always existed and still flourishes in Maine and Danvers, the grandsons of the Governor and two of his sons' grandsons were inhabitants of Topsfield. On the latter-st place still the fact, it may thus become distinct in the town and abroad as in New-Jersey where it is known. Scarcely any can be said of their father's grandsons, however, and that little shows that he had fully declared how his grandsons were to be distinguished by industry and virtue.

Robert Grosvenor was born in 1606 at Harding, in Lincolnshire. His father was one of the pre-reforming ministers, and died when the son was but fourteen years old. At this time he found, it seems, a generous patron in the Earl of Lincoln, who took him under his protection, and probably sent him to Cambridge. It has been repeatedly stated that he spent but one year at Cambridge. But Mr. Savory, when there, found his name entered on the books of Emmanuel College, in 1611—his matriculation as a Bacc., in 1618—and his subsequent admission, in due course, to the regular degrees: the first in 1622, and the second in 1624.

After leaving the University he went for several years as minister of the household of his father, and was afterwards employed in the same capacity in the University of Warwick. His ministerial work was those of Lincoln, caused him to connect with the celebrated Thomas Fuller, then one of the best English preachers; and in 1628, he was named by Anne, Countess of Arundel, to one of the many the year which preceded this, that Fuller and his associates in the study of English were numerous, and among the population on the shores of Massachusetts Bay. - About the year 1630, says Bancroft, "George Burdett, a Cambridge man, who was minister of a congregation, unimagined, devoted with the character of planting the pure gospel among the quiet abodes of America." - A second letter to depend upon the benevolence of uncultivated natives, and the gift of Providence, thus he entered the continent of the English laws and the atmosphere of the English climate. \* \* \* After some deliberation, persons in London, and the most serious were made acquainted with the doctrine."





J. B. P. H. H. H. H.

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FROM A PORTRAIT IN THE SENATE CHAMBER BOSTON

Sim. Bradstreet Gov<sup>r</sup>.



Who these "friends" were is shown by the sequel. It requires but a slight effort of fancy to set before us that accomplished circle—or to imagine the tone and purport of those earnest discussions. In them must have joined the approved Lady Bridget, Countess of Lincoln,—her sister-in-law, the gentle Lady Arabella, with her excellent husband, Isaac Johnson—the somewhat austere Dudley—the courteous Bradstreet—and his beloved Anne. These illustrious persons, surrounded by all the comforts, and elegancies, and privileges of rank and wealth, and apparently secure in the enjoyment, were nobly resolved to quit them all for the sake of conscience and of liberty. In the entire annals of colonization there is no instance of a sacrifice for principle, comparable to that which was made by many among those who founded the settlement of Massachusetts Bay.

Mr. Bradstreet was chosen one of the Assistants, under the Charter, previously to the adoption of that bold step by which the government was transferred to New-England, and came out in 1630, with the company under Winthrop and Dudley. He was one of the first settlers of Cambridge, where he lived several years. He was, also, for a short time, an inhabitant of Ipswich. The 500 acres in Salem, granted to him by the Court in 1639, were, by the terms, "to be in the next convenient place to Gov. Endicott's farm." Five years later we find him residing in Andover, where, in 1644, he built the first mill upon that little stream, which now turns so many wheels. This place was his abode for nearly twenty years. During all this period, however, his public duties must have kept him much from home. He was the first Secretary to the Colony, and held the office long. In 1641, we find him, in company with the famous Hugh Peters, travelling on foot from Salem to Dover—they having been appointed Commissioners by Massachusetts, to ascertain the causes of trouble in the quarrelling New-Hampshire Colony.

In 1643, was formed the first Confederacy in English America. Plymouth, Connecticut, New-Haven, and Massachusetts, joined in a league, called the United Colonies of New-England. Its affairs were entrusted to a Board of Commissioners, in which the colonies were equally represented. To them all Indian matters and foreign relations were assigned, and no colony could declare war without their consent. Of this first American Congress, Bradstreet was a member. For twenty years this body figures largely in New-England history, and the position of the two Massachusetts Commissioners must have been one of high influence as well as responsibility. In 1653, he showed his good sense and moderation by an efficient opposition to the hostile schemes of his fellow Commissioners, who were anxious to declare war, first against the Dutch, and then against the Indians.

In 1662, the colony of Massachusetts, being, not without reason, alarmed in regard to the intentions of Charles II., despatched Bradstreet and Norton, as agents, to plead their cause. It was justly deemed a mission of some peril,

and an indemnity was assured to them in case of detention or loss. These able and prudent ambassadors soon returned with a royal letter—recognizing the charter, and promising amnesty, but insisting also upon some very important changes in the administration of colonial affairs. Though the terms were the best that could be obtained, and, for the most part, not unreasonable, they were yet extremely unpalatable to a majority of the people. The agents, as though they had betrayed the sacred interests of liberty and religion, were assailed with unmeasured abuse. Norton, the excellent and accomplished clergyman, and hitherto one of the most popular men in the Province, sunk under the storm, and died of grief. His colleague, fortunately, was of sterner stuff. He lived to see his views confirmed, and adopted, and to find himself once more riding triumphantly on the wave of public favor. In 1679, the party for tolerance and moderation had become sufficiently strong to place Bradstreet in the governor's chair, when he succeeded Leverett.

When, four years after, the indefatigable Randolph came out to serve the long-threatened writ of *Quo Warranto*, the Governor, perceiving that resistance must be worse than futile, advised his countrymen to yield. But the stout Puritan heart chose rather to break than to bend. Massachusetts lost its charter. Joseph Dudley held, for a short time, the office of President, and Bradstreet was offered a seat in the Council—which he declined. To the arbitrary measures of Andros he made strenuous opposition—and as soon as the petty tyrant was down, the old man was caught up by the people, and re-seated in the chair of state. This was in 1689. Three years later, Sir William Phipps came with the new Charter, and Bradstreet, then in his ninetieth year, retired from public life. In 1697, he died at Salem.

By his first wife, Anne, Gov. Bradstreet had eight children. After her death, which occurred at Andover, in 1672, he was again married to the widow of the brave Capt. Jos. Gardner. This lady was a sister of the famous Sir George Downing. Capt. Gardner's house, which was Bradstreet's home during the latter part of his life, stood on Main-Street, Salem, where now stands the house erected by the late Joseph A. Peabody, Esq. A wood-cut representation of this old mansion may be seen in Vol. I. of Felt's Salem Annals.

Among the great men of that illustrious emigration which laid the foundation of Massachusetts, Simon Bradstreet will ever be conspicuous. Yet his figure, it must be confessed, does not stand out with the bold and sharp relief, which marks the forms of Endicott, Winthrop, and Dudley. In him, the precisian character, so often stern, seems to have been presented in its mildest and most attractive phase. Though not distinguished by brilliant powers, his long continuance in high public station, bears undeniable testimony to the soundness of his judgment, and to his great capacity for business. Moderate, prudent, and conciliatory, he preferred peace to strife, and chose to win by kindness, rather than to vanquish by storm. Let it be remembered to his



credit, that he was one of the first among the magistrates of the Colony to come out in favor of toleration. This he did as early as 1646, in the case of Child and his associates; Bellingham and Saltonstall, alone, joining with him. In the colonial proceedings against the Anabaptists and the Quakers, Bradstreet's course was less elevated and consistent, although he does not appear to have been particularly active. In the case of Elizabeth Morse of Newbury, condemned in 1680, by the Court of Assistants to die for witchcraft, Governor Bradstreet showed his superiority to the popular delusion, and by his prudent firmness undoubtedly saved the life of one innocent victim. Had he been permitted to hold but for a short time longer those reins of government, which in 1692 he surrendered to Phipps, Massachusetts would, probably, have been saved from the deepest and darkest stigma that rests upon her name.

As a statesman, Governor B. belonged, evidently, to that valuable class,—the moderate conservatives. In times of party violence, such men are sure to be assailed with bitterness by the extreme sections of either side,—and they are equally sure of general approval, whenever passion shall give place to reason. This, as we have seen, was strikingly the case in regard to Bradstreet. While we thus rapidly retrace his long career of usefulness, we feel that his was truly “a great and fortunate name.” For more than sixty years he held, by annual election, a high place of honor and power. He lived until he and the few who at first acted with him, had passed from the condition of a feeble and maligned minority, into that of a triumphant majority. His gentle temper and unvarying equanimity undoubtedly contributed to the prolongation of his faculties and his years; and when he died, his eye might well be brightened with pious gratitude, as it rested upon the prosperous and rising state, whose steps, from tottering infancy to adult strength, he had done so much to sustain and guide.

ANNE BRADSTREET, on the now large and fast-swelling list of “American Female Poets,” must ever hold the priority in time and place. Her first appearance as an author was under the auspices of an anonymous friend, who did not hesitate to call her the “Tenth Muse.” The edition of her Poems which lies before me, purports to be the *Third*, and was printed in 1758. The dedication to her father is dated in 1642. It consists, mainly, of five quaternions—to wit, the Four Elements, the Four Humors, the Four Ages, the Four Seasons, and the Four Great Monarchies. These are followed by a Dialogue between Old England and New—by Elegies, Epitaphs, Contemplations, &c. Though we cannot but smile at the extravagant eulogy, which Ward, Rogers, Norton, and others, in their rhyming prefaces and postscript, heaped upon the author—the book is not without merit. She was evidently a person of good abilities, who had read and thought much. Her diction,

though generally careless, rises at times to something like beauty, and gives evidence of what she might have become under a severer training, and upon a fairer field. The object of her unqualified admiration, and her chosen model, doubtless, was the now-forgotten Du Bartas. The works of this Frenchman had been translated by the Puritan, Sylvester, and seem to have been regarded by his brethren as alike orthodox in poetry and sentiment. That Mrs. B. was enamored of such a writer, must not, however, be set down to the disparagement of her taste, if Mr. Dunster be right, who thinks that Milton once had the same love; and that in the writings of Du Bartas may still be found "the prima stamina of Paradise Lost."

The portions of this little volume which most interest me, are her address to her father, her lines upon his death, her epistles to her absent husband, her account of her family, &c. These effusions, full of truth and feeling, assure me that no "lettered rage" had chilled in her the sweet affections of the heart. Be her poetic merit what it may, it is safe to infer that she was an exemplary daughter, and mother, and wife. And when I reflect upon the times in which she lived—the scenes through which she passed—the hard necessities of her daily life, and the jealous strictness in sentiments and manners by which society was then controlled,—influences so fitted to disperse or repel those—

"Gentler virtues, such as play

Round life's more cultured walks, and charm the way,"—

a new emotion is born within me, and I begin to wonder how she could sing at all. Her notes, like those of night's "solemn bird," seem more melodious from the fact, that she had the spirit to pour them forth from amid the gloom and solitude of our primeval forests.

In the sixth generation, descended through the Remingtons and Ellerys from Gov. Bradstreet and his poetic spouse, is RICHARD H. DANA, senr., of Boston. I need not say that Mr. D. as a critic, and as a writer of both prose and verse, stands high among the authors of our day. He certainly is not one of those who *rest* upon ancestral fame; for when, through a friend, I applied for some information on this point, he seemed almost to have forgotten that he could claim descent from one who so long occupied the curule chair, and—(how could a Poet be so oblivious?)—from the "Tenth Muse" herself.

The following account of the TOPSFIELD BRADSTREETS, is condensed from the "DUDLEY GENEALOGIES":—

JOHN BRADSTREET, fourth son of GOVERNOR SIMON BRADSTREET, was born at Andover, July 22, 1652; m. Sarah, dau. of Rev. William Perkins; d. Jan. 11th, 1718. Their children were—Simon, born 1682, m. Elisabeth, dau. of Rev. Joseph Capen; John, b. 1693, m. Rebecca ———; Margaret, b. 1696;

Samuel, b. 1699, m. Sarah Clarke.—The children of SIMON and Elisabeth, (b. 1712 to 1728,) were Elisabeth, m. Joseph Peabody; Simon, m. Miss Flint; Dudley; John, m. Elisabeth Fisk; Margaret, m. Mr. Andrews; Priscilla; Lucy, m. Robert Andrews; Dr. Joseph, m. Abby Fuller; Mercy, m. Mr. Stone.—To JOHN Bradstreet, last named, were b. (1745 to 1756,) Priscilla, m. J. Killam; Mary; Mehitable; Huldah; Lucy; Eunice, m. Benjamin Emerson; Capt. Dudley, m. Polly Porter; Elisabeth, m. John Gould; Sarah, m. Daniel Gould.—SAMUEL, son of John, son of Gov. Simon, m. Sarah Clarke, and had (1724 to 1736,) Anne, Sarah, Samuel, m. Ruth Lamson; Elijah; Eunice; Asa.—SAMUEL, last-named, and Ruth had issue, (1764 to 1773,) Samuel, m. Matilda Foster; Ruth m. Billy Emerson; Elijah m. Phebe Ingalls; Asa m. Abigail Balch; John m. Mehitable Balch; Moses m. Lydia Peabody.—To CAPT. DUDLEY Bradstreet and Polly, were born (1789 to 1813,) Col. Porter, m. Mehitable Bradstreet; Major John m. Sarah Rea; Dudley; Mary m. Samuel Peabody; Joseph m. Abigail Shaw; Elisabeth P. m. Silas Cochran; Albert G. m. Lydia B. Stearns; Rev. Thos. J. m. Amanda Thomas; Sarah m. A. H. Putnam; Jonathan; Lydia m. Stephen White.—The children of SAMUEL Bradstreet and Matilda, (1786 to 1800,) were Abigail, Samuel, Nathaniel, Moses.—ELIJAH and Phebe had Eliza, Stephen, Phebe, Ruth, Ruby.—ASA and Abigail had (1792, 1793,) William m. Eunice Perkins; Asa.—JOHN and Mehitable had (1793 to 1811,) Mehitable; Cornelius; Ruth m. Solomon Wildes; Cynthia; Josiah; John.—MOSES and Lydia had (1796 to 1801,) Lydia m. Nehemiah Perkins; Phebe m. Solomon Wildes, and d. 1824; Cynthia; Eunice.—BENJAMIN EMERSON and EUNICE (Bradstreet) had (1785 to 1799,) Benjamin m. Miss Balch; Mehitable m. Samuel Burtlebank; Lucy m. Mr. Davis; Bradstreet; Elisabeth B.—BILLY EMERSON and RUTH (Bradstreet) had Lydia m. James Stearns; Ruth m. John Foster; Eliza P. m. Gilbert Brownell; Thomas.—DANIEL GOULD and SARAH (Bradstreet) had Sarah, m. Caleb Warner; Priscilla m. Mr. Sprague; Asenath m. John Perley; Daniel m. Lydia Batchelder; Mehitable m. Rev. Mr. Blanchard.—The late Dr. Bradstreet, of Newburyport, a person highly respected as a physician and a man, was a native of Topsfield, and a descendant from the Governor, but in what line I have been unable to ascertain. His father's name was Henry. I remember him well, and a more fractious and perverse old man I never knew.

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NOTE III.—PAGE 11.

To the never-failing kindness and research of Mr. Charles Folsom, of the Boston Athenæum, I owe the means of presenting this account of Topsfield in England. It is to be hoped that some descendant of the early Topsfield settlers, when visiting that country, will make it a business to find this little

parish, and to examine its register. Not only might the question of origin be thus put beyond a doubt, but other facts of interest might, perhaps, be obtained. This seems a proper place to mention that Topsfield has, at least, one daughter. A township bearing the name may be seen upon the map of Maine in the S. E. corner of the State. It is described as a tract of valuable pine and spruce timber land, with several lofty swells. Its earliest settler was Nehemiah Kneeland, a native of our Topsfield, who in 1831, drew his family upon a hand-sled into this wild abode, and set up his humble Penates in its first rude cabin. It has now a population of about 200. The Romulus of this small but growing town, (who is living still,) is descended from an Irishman, who seems to have been a very obstinate fellow, and who gave our excellent predecessors no small trouble. Neland—so the name was written then—had built a house directly on the line which separated Ipswich from Topsfield. Whenever the constable of the latter called on him for his taxes, Neland was sure to be in the Ipswich part of his small room; and on that ground refused payment. Whether he played the same game with Ipswich is not known. Probably they were more indulgent; for there was a dispute between the towns in regard to the exact line of boundary. That Topsfield had no notion of being trifled with, abundantly appears from various entries in the town book. The following deposition, dated 1693, (for which I am indebted to Mr. J. Perkins Towne,) shows how they sometimes enforced the law in those days:—"The depositions of Elisha Perkins, about 37 years; and John Averell, aged about 29 years; and John French, aged about 21 years. Testifieth and saith, that on the 30th day of December last, Ephraim Wilds, constable of Topsfield, did require of us to go along with him to Edward Neland's house, and there we heard the said Wilds demand a rate of the said Neland's wife, the said Neland not being at home, as his wife told us; and his wife told the said constable he never should have any rates of them, and would not let said constable go into the house, but shut the door; and there being several fatted hogs in the yard, the constable commanded us to help him to catch one of them; accordingly we drove them into a pen, joining to the said Neland's house, and there we saw Ephraim Wilds, constable, distrain one of the said hogs, with the warrant from the Treasurer, and rate from the Selectmen of Topsfield, and with the black staff in his hand. The said Neland's house stands upon a farm commonly called Mr. Simonds's farm, which has been accounted for many years to be in Topsfield. And further we do testify, that before the said constable carried away the hog, the abovesaid Neland came home, and we heard said constable tell said Neland what he had done, and proffered him the hog again, if said Neland would pay the rate; but the said Neland refused, and said he would never pay a penny of it, and then the said constable carried away the hog. Sworn," &c. I ought in justice to add, that the boundary question was settled in 1697, and that Neland's dwelling was thus left in Ipswich, about two rods from the line.



## NOTE IV.—PAGE 20.

There is another tradition in regard to a garrison house, which stood, it is said, upon land now belonging to Elijah Perkins. It is not improbable that there were two, or perhaps the site was changed as the population increased.

The ancient farm on Eastey's Hill, has been for several years the possession and summer residence of the Hon. Benjamin W. Crowningshield of Boston. Mr. C. is a man of large wealth, and during the administration of President Madison, was, for a time, Secretary of the Navy.

## NOTE V.—PAGE 23.

REBECCA NURSE was first assailed. When Mr. Parris singled her out in his prayers, and in his sermon called her a demon, Sarah Cloyse, with sisterly indignation, rose and left the meeting-house. This was enough. She also was cried out upon, and sent to prison. For no other reason, probably, than that she sympathized with her innocent and suffering sisters, was the exemplary Mary Eastey selected as a victim—torn from her children, and immured in a jail.

Extract from the petition of Mary Eastey and Sarah Cloyse, presented to the Court before their trial:—

“Whereas we two sisters stand now before the honored Court, charged with the suspicion of witchcraft, our humble request is, first—that seeing we are neither able to plead our own cause, nor is counsel allowed to those in our condition, that you, who are our judges, would please to be of counsel to us, to direct us wherein we may stand in need. Secondly, that whereas we are not conscious to ourselves of any guilt in the least degree of that crime whereof we are now accused, (in the presence of the living God we speak it, before whose awful tribunal we know we must, ere long, appear,) nor of any other scandalous evil or miscarriage inconsistent with Christianity, those who have had the longest and best knowledge of us, being persons of good report, may be suffered to testify upon oath what they know concerning each of us—namely, Mr. Capen, the pastor, and those of the town and church of Topsfield, who are ready to say something which we hope may be looked upon as very considerable in this matter, with the seven children of one of us—namely, Mary Eastey; and that it may be produced of like nature in reference to the wife of Peter Cloyse, her sister. Thirdly, that the testimony of witches, or such as are afflicted, as is supposed, by witches, may not be

improved to condemn us, without other legal evidence concurring. We hope the honored court and jury will be so tender of the lives of such as we are, who have for many years lived under the unblemished reputation of Christianity, as not to condemn them without a fair and equal hearing of what may be said for us, as well as against us. And your poor supplicants shall be bound always to pray."

To the above, which is taken from "Chandler's American Criminal Trials," Mr. C. adds—"After the condemnation of Mary Eastey, she sent another petition to the Court, which, as an exhibition of the noblest fortitude, united with sweetness of temper, dignity, and resignation, as well as of calmness towards those who had selected so many victims from her family, will be read with unqualified admiration. When it is recollected that confession was the sure, if not the only means of obtaining the favor of the Court, this petition must be regarded as a most affecting appeal by an humble and feeble woman, about to lay down her life in the cause of truth; and who, a wife and a mother, in circumstances of terrible trial, uttered no word of complaint, but met her fate with a calmness and resignation, which excites the wonder of all who read her story."

"The humble petition of Mary Eastey, unto his Excellency Sir William Phipps, and to the honorable judge and bench, now sitting in judicature in Salem, and the reverend ministers, humbly sheweth: That whereas your poor and humble petitioner, being condemned to die, doth humbly beg of you to take it into your judicious and pious consideration, that your poor and humble petitioner, knowing my own innocency, (blessed be the Lord for it,) and seeing plainly the wiles and subtilty of my accusers, by myself cannot but judge charitably of others that are going the same way with myself, if the Lord step not mightily in. I was confined a whole month on the same account that I am now condemned for, and then cleared by the afflicted persons, as some of your honors know; and in two days time I was cried out upon by them, and have been confined, and now am condemned to die. The Lord above knows my innocency then, and likewise doth now, as at the great day will be known to men and angels. I petition to your honors not for my own life, for I know I must die, and my appointed time is set; but the Lord he knows it is—if it be possible—that no more innocent blood may be shed; which undoubtedly cannot be avoided in the way and course you go on. I question not but your honors do, to the utmost of your powers, in the discovery and detecting of witchcraft and witches, and would not be guilty of innocent blood for the world; but by my own innocency I know you are in the wrong way. The Lord in his infinite mercy direct you in this great work, if it be his blessed will that no more innocent blood be shed. I would

humbly beg of you, that your honors would be pleased to examine these afflicted persons strictly, and keep them apart some time, and likewise to try some of these confessing witches, I being confident there are several of them have belied themselves and others, as will appear, if not in this world, I am sure in the world to come, whither I am going; and I question not but yourselves will see an alteration in these things. They say myself and others have made a league with the devil; we cannot confess. I know, and the Lord he knows, as will shortly appear, they believe me, and so I question not but they do others; the Lord alone, who is the Searcher of all hearts, knows, as I shall answer it at the tribunal seat, that I know not the least thing of witchcraft; therefore I cannot, I durst not, belie my own soul. I beg your honors not to deny this my humble petition, from a poor innocent person; and I question not but the Lord will give a blessing to your endeavors."

The original of the above petition is still in existence; and various circumstantial evidence makes it highly probable that it was written by the petitioner herself.

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#### NOTE VI.—PAGE 24.

The statement in the text was derived from a written account drawn up by the Rev. Daniel Gould. I have since obtained the following extract from the Mass. Records:—"On the 19th August, 1656, John Gould, senr., of Topsfield, otherwise called Lieut. Gould, was arrested and imprisoned for uttering wicked and treasonable language—viz., 'If the country was of his mind, they would keep Salem Court with its former magistrates; and if the country would go the rounds, *he would make the first*, and would go and keep Salem Court, and would have his company down to do it.' For this he was imprisoned in Boston jail, and kept there some time, though unwell. He was fined £100, and costs of prosecution, and laid under heavy bonds to keep the peace."

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#### NOTE VII.

Mr. Joshua Coffin has furnished me with several extracts from the Records of the County Court, which show what some of the charges against Mr. Gilbert were. In 1666 he was brought before the Court on a complaint of sedition. The language which he used, both in prayer and sermon, as reported by the witnesses, was certainly rather strong. We find, for instance, such

expressions as the following:—"Christ Jesus should reign, in despite of all the devil's kings, do what they would." "God hath deceived us. Wee looked for glorious days in England, Scotland, Ireland, for days of reform, but behold a crooked Providence hath crost our expectation. God hath befooled us all." "He in prayer begged of God either to forgive the king this perjury, or to give him repentance for it. It is better to live here poore, and to live in the wilderness, being covenant keepers, than to sit on the throne, and be covenant breakers. He begged of God to convert the king and the royal family for their superstition and idolatry." What was the decision of the Court in this case does not appear. He was probably let off easily. In 1670 he was again arraigned on a charge of intemperance. The witnesses were, Sarah Gould, the wife, undoubtedly, of the brave old Captain John; Isaac Comings, senr., and Joanna Towne. The last was in Mr. Gilbert's favor. The testimony is quite minute, and relates only to a single case. This, however, was sadly disgraceful. He went into the pulpit in a disordered state, which he betrayed by the confusion of his thoughts, and the clipping of his words, and especially by forgetting the order of the exercises. First he prayed, then sung, then prayed again, and again sung; and so might have gone on indefinitely, had not Isaac Comings risen, and begged him to stop.

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## NOTE VIII.

ASAHEL HUNTINGTON was born in Franklin, Ct., March 17, 1761. His paternal ancestors were among the earliest settlers of Norwich, to which Franklin originally belonged. His grandfather, Dea. Christopher, died at an advanced age, leaving four sons, Christopher, Theophilus, Elisha, and Barnabas. The last, a deacon also, was the father of Asahel. He was an active and influential patriot of the Revolution, and died 1787, aged 59, highly respected for his moral worth. The maiden name of Mr. H.'s mother, was Anne Wright. She was born in 1752, and lived to be nearly a hundred years old. Her character as a woman and a Christian was one of great excellenc. The sons of this worthy couple, were Barnabas, Azariah, Asahel, Hezekiah, and Gurdon, all now dead. Two daughters yet live, very old. The paternal estate in Franklin has descended lineally from the original settler, Christopher, and is now owned by a son of Azariah.

The subject of this notice, thus born and brought up, made an early profession of religion, which he illustrated and adorned through life. Having resolved to devote himself to the work of the ministry, he prosecuted his studies, preparatory for college, under the tuition of his pastor, the Rev. Samuel Nott. This venerable man—this relic of a former age—yet survives; and



though nearly a hundred years old, is still minister of the same church and people. Mr. Huntington was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1786. The valedictory oration, then deemed the first of Collegiate honors, was pronounced by him. In the class where he stood so well, there were several who became eminent. It is sufficient to enumerate Judge Goddard, of Norwich, Ct.; Hon. Charles Marsh, of Woodstock, Vt.; Rev. Dr. Strong, of Randolph, Mass.

As Theological Seminaries were then unknown, Mr. H. pursued his professional studies under private direction. The Rev. Dr. Backus, of Somers, Ct., a divine, and instructor of the highest eminence, was his first teacher. He concluded his studies under the Rev. Dr. Hart, of Preston, now Griswold, Ct. On the 12th of November, 1789, he was ordained over the Church and Society of Topsfield. Dr. Hart preached the ordination sermon.

Here, for nearly twenty-four years, flowed on the even and useful tenor of his days. With a people not particularly easy to please, he lived in unbroken harmony. He was orthodox in his opinions, but was too discreet to urge them with offensive pertinacity. His preaching was plain, sensible, and practical. His whole intercourse with his flock was so marked by social ease, by benevolent solicitude, and by judicious kindness, that he secured their warmest love, as well as esteem. His instructions were not confined to the pulpit. Compelled by the straitness of his income, and the wants of a growing family, he occasionally taught the town school. For several years before his death, he received into his family pupils from abroad. With what fidelity and ability he acquitted himself in this relation, many still remember. The language of affectionate veneration with which, at the late celebration, Judge Cummins and Mr. Benjamin A. Gould, recalled the name and virtues of their earliest teacher, will not soon be forgotten by the hundreds who listened to those glowing words of praise and gratitude.

In the midst of his strength and usefulness, this truly good man was suddenly cut down. He died of the malignant sore throat, April 22d, 1813, after an illness of four days. The funeral sermon was preached to a weeping audience by his intimate, and long-tried friend, Rev. Isaac Braman, of New Rowley, who still lives, a venerable octogenarian. This discourse was published, and, in connection with it, an unfinished sermon of Mr. Huntington, written on the very day he was seized with his last sickness. It was from the text: "Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."

Mr. Huntington was married in 1791, to Alethea Lord, of Pomfret, Ct. The union was most happy, and was blessed by five children. Of these, Alethea died the year after her father. Hezekiah died in 1828, and Mary Ann in 1836. The survivors are Elisha Huntington, M. D., of Lowell, and Asahel Huntington, Esquire, of Salem—gentlemen well known in Massachusetts, and widely esteemed.

## MRS. ALETHEA HUNTINGTON.

[From an Obituary Notice in the Puritan Recorder.]

"This excellent lady died at the residence of her son, Dr. Elisha Huntington, of Lowell, Aug. 31, 1850, in the 84th year of her age. Mrs. H. was the daughter of Dr. Elisha Lord, of Pomfret, Ct., a distinguished physician, and a man of uncommon worth. In 1791, she was married to Rev. Asahel Huntington. In 1813, her lamented husband closed his useful life by a peaceful death, leaving a name still precious to many hearts. Mrs. H. was afterwards called to bury three of her adult children. Thus was her path marked with sorrow. It pleased the Lord, having once cast her into the furnace of affliction, to keep her there during the thirty-seven years of her widowhood. But she never complained. Meekly bowing to the stroke of divine chastisement, she endeavored to bring her spirit into harmony with that of her Heavenly Father. She was, indeed, remarkable for the calmness with which she met the heaviest shocks of adversity.

"Mrs. H. was particularly happy in her relation to the church and people of Topsfield. There was a blending of dignity and gentleness in her person, that prepossessed every one in her favor. Her intercourse with the people was marked by prudence, kindness, and condescension,—by a lively sympathy in their joys and sorrows,—and by many self-denying labors, to do good among them. The writer knows not that she ever had an enemy—he is certain that she had many friends. Through all her earthly pilgrimage it was the aim of this excellent woman to live not unto herself. Her own comforts, and even wants, were often forgotten in self-denying efforts for the good of others. It was her pleasure to nurse the sick and minister to the afflicted, and many living witnesses gratefully recall her fearless and faithful devotion to them in the hour of suffering and danger.

"In the closing scenes of her life, there were the calmness and peace, if not the triumphs of Christian faith. Her remains were deposited in the burying-ground at Topsfield, by the side of that dust, over which she had so many times shed, during her long widowhood, the tears of fond remembrance.

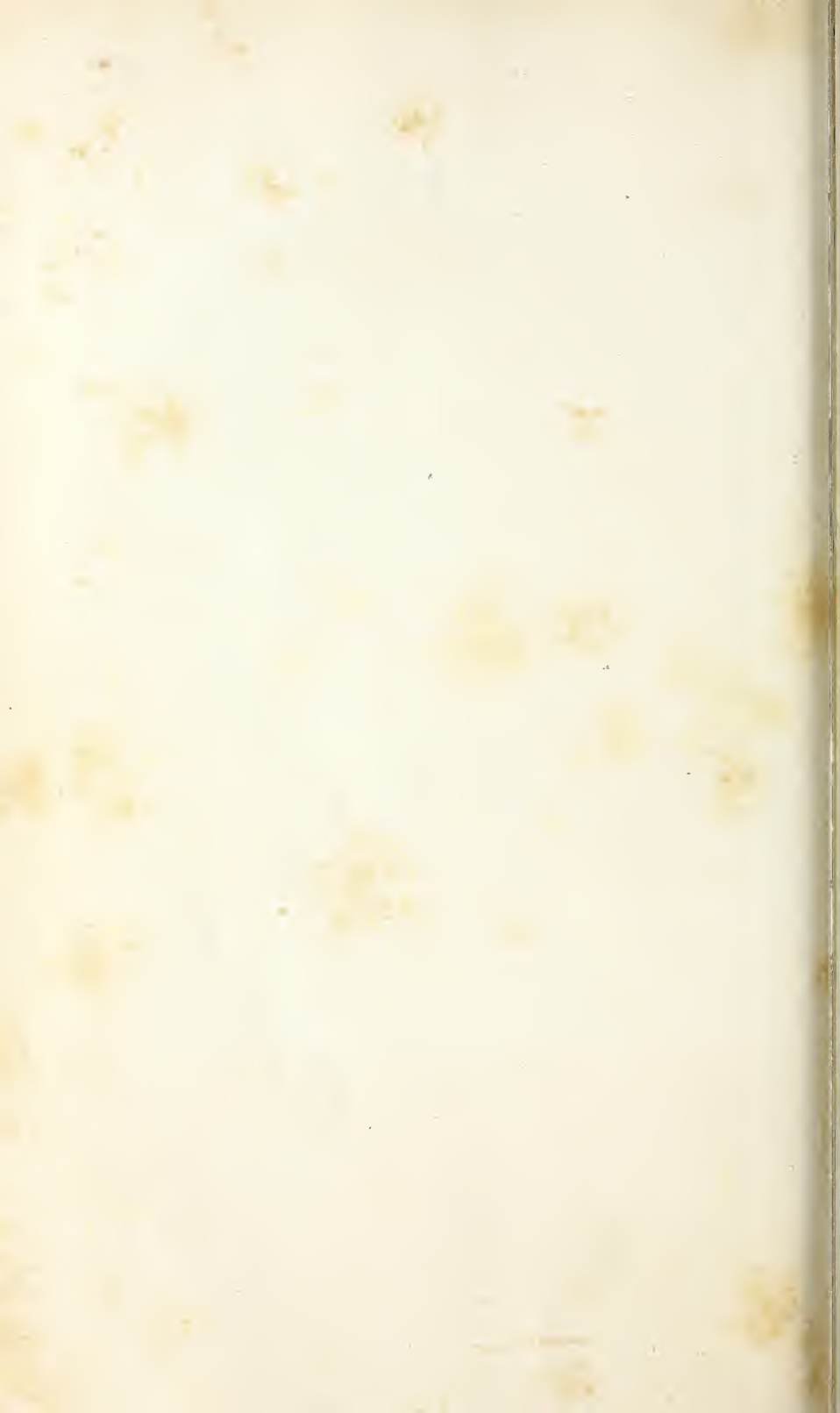
"Thus has passed away one more of a most interesting circle of sisters—lovely in life, happy in the experience and the prospect of death. Three are in Heaven; two yet linger on these mortal shores. How soon will they all be gathered into a happier family than they ever made before! Many sweet songs of Zion have they sung here; but there they will sing the sweeter song of Moses and the Lamb."



FROM A MINIATURE BY G. FREEMAN

MRS. ALETHEA HUNTINGTON.







After the death of Mr. Huntington, Topsfield remained without a settled minister for more than seven years. The people were divided, and the spirit of party was often warm and high. After several unsuccessful attempts, the church and society, in 1820, united upon the Rev. RODNEY G. DENNIS. Mr. D., a graduate of Bowdoin College and of the Andover School, held his office about eight and a half years, when he was dismissed, at his own request.—The Rev. JAMES F. McEWEN was installed in 1830. Mr. McE. was born 1793, at East Hartford, Ct., and graduated at Hanover in 1823. He was, for a short time, settled at Bridport, Vt. He is still kindly remembered in Topsfield, as a man of good sense and excellent character, whose faithful labors there were highly prospered. After his dismission, Mr. McE. was settled again in Rye, N. H. He died in Brattleboro', Vt., April 14, 1850.—The present very acceptable minister, Rev. ANSON McLOUD, is from Hartford, Ct. He graduated at Yale College, 1838,—at Andover Theol. Sem., 1841, and was ordained Dec. 8, in the same year.

For 174 years from its incorporation, the whole town formed one ecclesiastical society. In consequence, however, of important changes in the law, and of still more important changes in the notions and habits of the people, an alteration became necessary. This was effected in 1824, by an act of Incorporation, creating the Congregational Parish of Topsfield. A Methodist Episcopal Society was organized in 1830. The house erected in 1831 for its use, was removed in 1841 to its present location. The preachers, from 1831 to 1850, have been as follows: Rev. Messrs. R. D. Easterbrooks; Thomas Stedson; David Culver; H. B. Skinner; G. F. Pool; G. W. Bates; Chester Field; L. B. Griffin; Amos Walton; Z. B. C. Dunham; S. J. P. Collyer; M. P. Webster; John Poulson; Wm. R. Stone, and K. Atkinson. About one-fifth of the population are connected with this society.

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NOTE IX.—PAGE 46.

Topsfield is now divided into four school districts. The rude, red structures of the last century, have, within a few years, been supplanted by neat and commodious school-houses. In 1828, the Topsfield Academy was established, and for several years was well sustained. In the following list of those who have successively taught this school, will be found several names of well-established reputation. They are Francis Vose; E. D. Sanborn; Alfred Pike; Benjamin Greenleaf; Asa Farwell; William F. Kent; Edmund K. Slafter; B. O. Marble; O. Quimby; Joseph E. Noyes; Kinsman Atkinson.

## NOTE X.—PAGE 47.

NEHEMIAH CLEAVELAND was the youngest son of Rev. John Cleaveland, of Ipswich. The latter was born 1722, in Canterbury, Ct. His father's name was Josiah. His grandfather, Josiah, one of the first settlers of Canterbury, was a native of Woburn, Mass. To the place last mentioned came, from Ipswich, England, while yet a youth, his great grandfather, Moses. This patriarch of the name in America, left a large family, whose descendants have multiplied and widely spread. The Rev. Mr. Cleaveland was a man of great energy, ardor, and goodness, and a Christian patriot of the highest stamp. Repeatedly, at his country's call, he went as a chaplain in her armies, to scenes of conflict and danger. In 1758, he was in Abercrombie's unsuccessful expedition against Ticonderoga, and in 1759, he accompanied a body of troops that went to take possession of Louisburg. In the great strife, that soon after commenced with England, he took the liveliest interest. While it was yet a war of words, and odious enactments, and unarmed resistance,—with earnest voice and pen he contended manfully for freedom and right. With the first call to arms he again took the field. In 1775, during the siege of Boston—in 1776, on the Connecticut shore, and in 1778, in New-York and New-Jersey, he helped to cheer the soldier's heart, and to nerve his arm by many a fervent prayer, and by exhortations full of courage and hope. This pious and faithful minister retained to the last, the esteem and affections of his little flock, among whom he died on his seventy-seventh birthday, in the year 1799.

His personal labors in the public service were not his only contributions to the cause. Three of his sons, John, Parker, and Nehemiah, were in the army. John, after having served for some time as a lieutenant, resigned his commission, studied divinity, and died, 1815, the much-honored minister of North Wrentham, Mass. Parker, after a term of service as army surgeon at Cambridge, returned to the practice of his profession, in Rowley, (Byfield Parish,) where, in 1827, he closed a life of distinguished usefulness. Professor Cleaveland—a name identified with the fame and with the entire existence of Bowdoin College, in Maine,—and the Rev. Dr. John P. Cleaveland, of Providence, R. I., are his sons.

The youngest of the above-named brothers first saw something of the world, during the memorable summer, autumn and winter of 1775. He was then a tall stripling of sixteen years,—and during the siege of Boston, he was in attendance upon his father. In 1777 he enlisted in the army, and continued in the service for nearly a twelvemonth. The remaining years of his minority were spent at home, in hard toil upon his father's little farm. When a boy, he had been encouraged to expect a college education, and it was the object of his fond desire. But the hardness of the times forbade. He was no sooner of age, than he proceeded to make up, so far as he could,

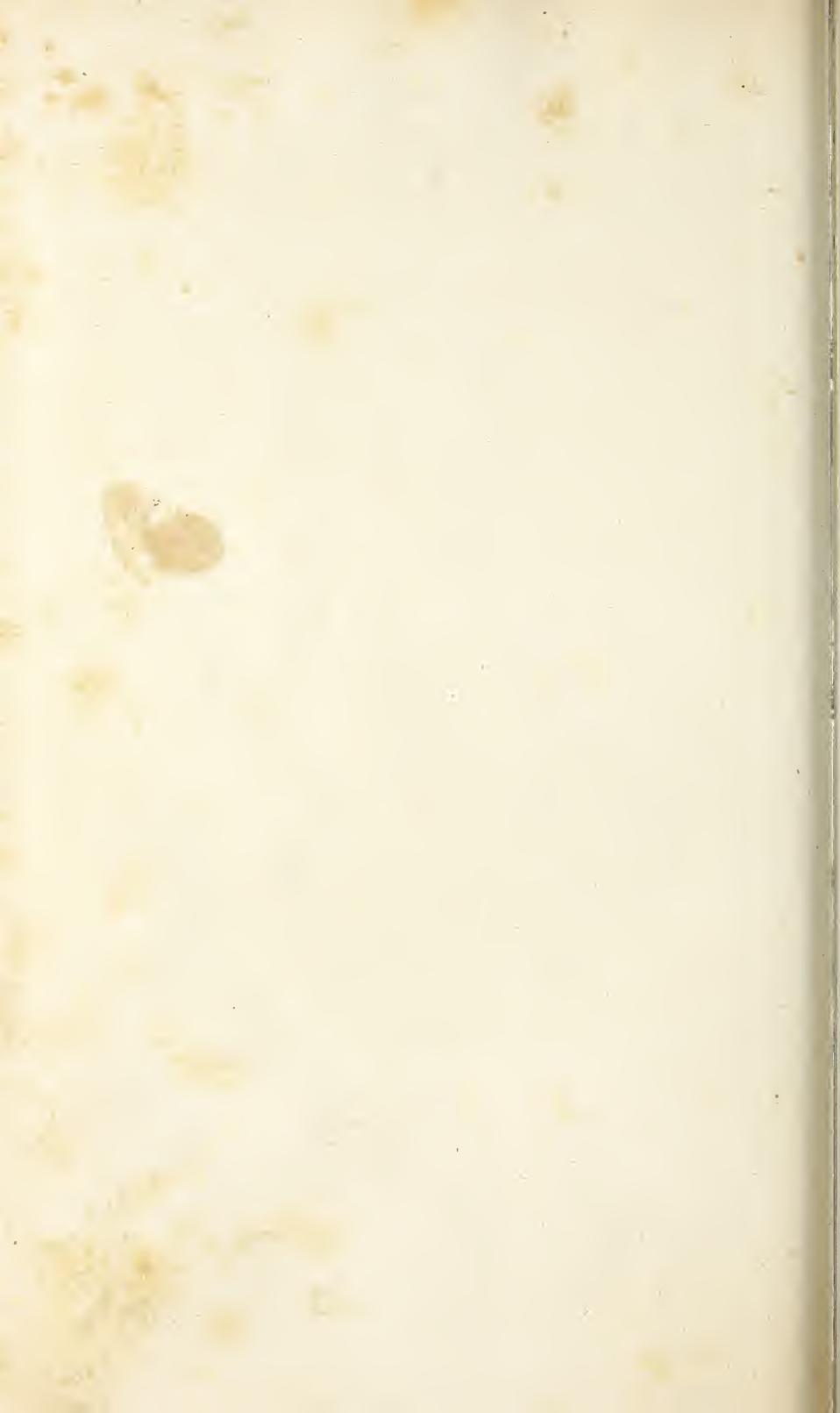


... of F. D'Arignon

323 Broadway, N.Y.

FROM A PORTRAIT BY COLE.

NEHEMIAH CLEVELAND, M.D.





under private tuition, his literary deficiencies. Having prosecuted for some time the study of medicine, with his brother at Byfield, and with Dr. John Manning, of Ipswich, he entered on the practice at Topsfield in 1783. Here he found immediate employment, though it was neither extensive, nor lucrative. He soon received a commission as Justice of the Peace,—an office of some distinction in those days, and was thus led to engage, to a certain extent, in concerns of a civic character. He became known and highly appreciated as a man of good judgment and prompt business habits, and was much employed in the public affairs of town and county. He was a politician, likewise, earnest and ardent. In 1811, he was elected by Federal votes to a seat in the State Senate. The year following, he failed to be chosen through the operation of that famous districting act, known ever since as the Gerryman-der law. But in 1815, the Federalists being again in the ascendant, Dr. C. was re-elected, and continued to hold the seat until 1819, when he declined to be longer a candidate. At that board, around which sat many eminent men, he was not indeed a debater. But his good judgment, and sound sense, and solid worth, were neither unappreciated, nor unacknowledged.

In 1814, he was made a Session Justice of the Circuit Court of Common Pleas. From 1820 to 1822, he was Associate Justice of the Court of Sessions for Essex County, and in 1823, he was appointed Chief Justice. This station, the duties of which he discharged with ability and firmness, he retained until 1828, when he retired from all public business. In this year he received from Harvard University, the honorary degree of Doctor of Medicine.

Dr. C. was twice married. His first wife, Lucy, was the eldest daughter of his instructor, Dr. Manning. She died, childless, in 1791, four years after their marriage. He was again united to Experience, eldest daughter of Dr. Elisha Lord, of Pomfret, Ct. Of nine children by this connexion, five still survive. Their mother, a woman venerated and beloved by all, died in 1845.

Dr. Cleaveland was a well-proportioned man, of large stature and commanding aspect. His constitution was one of iron strength, and his health, up to his fiftieth year, was unbroken. From that time he was repeatedly visited with sickness, and suffered much from one of the most painful of maladies. His medical practice, however, though sometimes interrupted, was not laid aside, except that he was compelled to decline night-calls. His declining years, though less active, were neither unemployed nor unuseful. In professional visits among the families which had always respected, and which now loved and revered him; in counselling and aiding his neighbors—all of whom, when in doubt or difficulty, sought freely his judicious advice; in efforts to advance the church and the community to which he immediately belonged; and in contributing to the moral and religious enterprises of the day,—he found sufficient, and ever-welcome occupation. The intervals in this honorable toil, were agreeably filled by books, and social converse, and by the duties, comforts, and affections of home. His setting sun went gently down,—while the

brightness of a better day seemed to glow in the departing orb, and left its consoling radiance behind.

Dr. Cleaveland died February 26th, 1837, being in his seventy-seventh year.

“Dr. JOHN MERRIAM was born in Concord, Mass., studied medicine in Charlton, and was licensed to practise by the Association of Worcester Co. He married Hannah Jones, of Charlton—a helpmeet true; commenced practice in Topsfield, 1783, and continued it until 1817, when he died, aged 59. He left three children—viz., Royal Augustus, his successor in the practice, and now the only survivor; Frederick J., and Almira. He built and occupied the house which still stands at the junction of the Ipswich and Haverhill roads. He died of consumption, having been afflicted with disease for more than 20 years. Dr. Merriam was an honest man.”

Within the last 25 years, Dr. JEREMIAH STONE, and Dr. JOSEPH C. BACHELDER, practised medicine in Topsfield, each for about a dozen years. Dr. B. succeeded Dr. S., and has lately yielded his place to Dr. CHARLES P. FRENCH.

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NOTE XI.—PAGE 48.

CHARLES HOLMES, Esq., is a son of the late Hon. John Holmes, well known in Maine and Massachusetts as a lawyer and politician, and for many years a prominent member of the U. S. Senate.

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NOTE XII.—PAGE 53.

The following extract from Capt. Gould's journal, has been furnished me by Miss Hannah F. Gould:—

“Soon after this, (the battle of Lexington,) I enlisted as Sergeant in Capt. John Baker's Company, Col. Moses Little's Regiment, and marched to Cambridge. On the 17th of June, was ordered on guard at Lechmere's Point. Colonel Asa Whitcomb commanded the guard. After the battle had commenced some time, the guard was ordered to reinforce the troops on the Hill; but when we got on the Neck, we met them retreating, yet kept on till we met Gen. Putnam, (with tent on his horse behind him,) who spoke to Col. Whitcomb, and he retreated.

While on the Neck, the enemy fired on us from the ship that was in Charles River, and the floating batteries came up Mystic River, within small gun-shot of us. Col. Whitcomb took me in front of him, a little to the left. He

placed me in a situation for them to take aim at. The first shot struck the ground a little before me, and rebounded, and as it passed, struck my musket in my hand. The second struck the ground directly against my feet. The third struck in the same hole, and made it deeper. I turned my eyes to the guard, and found them retreating. I was the last man on the Neck. As I returned, I got through a fence on my right, seeing the ground more favorable to cover me—the ridge the Charlestown Hotel now stands on,—and when I had gone about a rod, I saw the flash of their guns, and dropped to the ground. The ball passed over my back, and struck a little beyond me. I returned to the guard, and found them all safe.”

(While reading the above narrative, I scarcely know which most to admire,—the extraordinary coolness with which this Col. Whitcomb set his sergeant up as a mark for the enemy to shoot at,—or the coolness, more extraordinary still, with which Sergeant Gould stood and took their fire.)

“In the year 1780, there was a draft of men called for to reinforce the garrison at West Point. Col. Wade, of Ipswich, was ordered to take the command of a regiment, and I was ordered to take command of a company in it. We arrived there about the last of June. Soon after I was ordered to the main-guard, it being a captain’s guard. From the orders I received from the Captain whom I relieved, and what I saw on the Point, I thought that all was not right. The two sentinels were to load their guns, and when relieved, to change them with the sentry who relieved them, so that the guard would all have strange pieces, and we should, in case of attack, be thrown into the utmost confusion, our guns being of different bores, and our men having had their cartridges made to suit them. We had a large box of cartridges allowed us in case we should be attacked. I knocked it open and found nothing in it but pistol cartridges; upon which I sent secretly and got a box of good ones at Col. Lamb’s quarters. The next day, Capt. Peabody of the same regiment, who had lived with me in the same barrack on the Point, and Dr. Dinsmore, of Lancaster, surgeon of the regiment from Worcester county, were appointed in general orders to inspect the forage that was brought on the Point. The Doctor and my father were old acquaintances, having been representatives together in the General Court a number of years. He found me out, and called to see me, and we in confidence opened our minds to each other, respecting our critical situation. The appointment of a Surgeon to such an office did not lessen our suspicions. We could not find a safe opportunity to send to Gen. Washington, and he being expected on the Point in a few days, we thought best to wait until he should arrive. No doubt Arnold’s spies had watched us. In a few days Arnold sent for me to take tea with him at Col. Lamb’s quarters, his head being on this side of the river. He told me that he wanted a building erected for the benefit of the garrison in

the winter, and wished me to make a draft of one—which I did, so as to put the potatoes in the lower story, and dry vegetables in the upper. He appeared much pleased with it. The next morning there was a draft of fatiguesmen ordered out under my command, to go down the river several miles to fix the ground for this building. That day while we were at work he (Arnold) went on board a British ship that lay in the river, and André was brought on the Point. General Washington arrived also that night. I was ordered, with a number of other officers, to watch with André. He appeared much of a gentleman, and conversed freely with us, but no allusion was made to his particular situation. When we took supper, we thought he did not eat with as good a relish as we did. All the circumstances I have mentioned, and seeing the cannon dismounted, and new carriages making, and men sent out to cut wood and timber, so that we had scarcely enough to man our guards, put me in mind of what my father [said] when Arnold was appointed Colonel to go to Canada. He said: "I'm sorry for it." I asked him, why? "Because," said he, "he's so avaricious that he would sell his country for money."

"Arnold was in the Commissary's Department in the French war, and my father being a member of the General Court, was concerned in settling his accounts,—when he found him a very avaricious, and, as he thought, unprincipled man. We did not see André executed, our time of service being out before that took place."

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NOTE XIII.—PAGE 55.

CAPTAIN GOULD, soon after the restoration of peace, was married to Grizzel Apthorp, daughter of Gershom Flagg, Esq., of Boston. For a few years, he resided in Lancaster, Ms., as a country-trader. Here his children were born. In 1805 he returned to Topsfield, and lived there about three years. He then removed to Newburyport, and there spent the residue of his life. Three of his children, John Flagg, Grizzel Apthorp, and Gershom F., are no more. Of the survivors, Esther is the wife of Judge Fuller, of Augusta, Me.—Elisabeth, now Mrs. Rapello, lives in New-York.—Benjamin Apthorp, even before his graduation at Harvard College in 1814, was appointed Master of the Public Latin School of Boston. Under his administration, this old and honored institution soon rose to a height of excellence and classic fame, which it had not before equalled, and has not since surpassed. For many years, Mr. Gould has been largely engaged in navigation and mercantile pursuits. One of his sons, Benjamin A., after having spent several years abroad, at the best Observatories—and under the instruction of great European Astronomers,—is now a resident of Cambridge, Mass., where he conducts the "Astronomical Journal," a work which has already attained to a high reputation.

In this enumeration, one yet remains. To all the lovers of song, the name of HANNAH F. GOULD has long been familiar. For nearly a quarter of a century her



annual contributions of occasional poetry have been read with pleasure. She has, indeed, attempted no extended or elaborate work. Her muse, as if unambitious of loftier heights, seems content to play about the flowery base and gentler declivities of the Aonian mount. In her best productions there are many touches of nature, and graceful beauties enlivened, not seldom, by a genuine humor. Though often playful, her playfulness is never spoilt by levity. No less conspicuous is her tenderness—breathed, not in morbid sighs, but in the tones of a true sympathy or of a genial sadness. The moral and religious spirit which pervades and sanctifies her poetry, is ever gentle, and pure. Her writings have been, from time to time, collected, and now constitute three thin volumes. Some of her smaller, and especially of her earlier pieces, are nearly, if not quite perfect in their way, and have attained, beyond all doubt, to a permanent place in our literature. In “The Scar of Lexington—“The Veteran and the Child”—and, particularly, in “My Lost Father,”—Miss Gould has beautifully embalmed the image and the virtues of that brave and meek old man, whose long decline was cheered by her unceasing care. For many a year she was his solace and his sole companion,—and when her fond solicitude could no longer keep his spirit from the sky, she dropped on the cold clay her “melodious tears,” and planted an undying laurel by his grave.

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## NOTE XIV.—PAGE 58.

FRANCIS PABODY settled first in Ipswich, where he owned, in 1636, “a lot of planting ground, near labor in vain.” This fact, not mentioned by Endicott, I give on the authority of A. Hammatt, Esq., of Ipswich—so well known as a zealous and accurate archæologist.

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## NOTE XV.—PAGE 65.

Among the posterity of ELIJAH PORTER, besides the children of Hannah Breck one of whom has been already mentioned, (p. 65.) may also be named the descendants of her brother Thomas. This gentleman, who held a military command in the first years of the revolution, married Ruth Allen, of Salem. The late Dr. Elijah Porter, of Salem and Brooklyn, was their son. Their daughter Mary, born in Topsfield, married Seth Low, Esq., formerly a respected inhabitant of Salem, Mass., and for many years past an influential citizen of Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. Ruth Porter died a short time since, aged 90, at the house of her son-in-law. This charming old lady lived to see around her a numerous and prosperous race, and certainly could feel, as she looked upon

them, that some, at least, of the Porter family, had effectually fought their way out of "Blind Hole,"

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## NOTE XVI.—PAGE 68.

The southern portion of the house which my father owned and occupied for almost fifty years, was by him regarded as one of the oldest erections in the place. The grounds of this opinion I am unable to state, but I feel sure that he did not adopt it without good reasons. Notwithstanding the numerous alterations and additions which have modified the original structure, portions of the ancient oak frame are yet visible.

The dwelling-house in which Lawyer Wildes was born and died, shows indubitable evidences of antiquity. It was, perhaps, built by the old surveyor, John Wilds. The spot was undoubtedly one of the earliest clearings in New Meadows, being in the immediate vicinity of the first house of worship. In this rude abode, I have no doubt, were entertained those sixteen sons and daughters, who, from homes far and widely distant, all assembled upon one occasion, beneath the old roof-tree. That must have been a joyous thanksgiving—though it is a little puzzling to conceive how they were all accommodated. The house is much dilapidated. I visited and explored the ruinous edifice in company with Mr. H. N. Perkins, of Boston—who is descended from a Wildes. It is not to be supposed that a true antiquarian—as he is—could visit such a scene of ancestral interest and modern neglect, without many sighs of filial regret, and some groans of honest indignation. I can bear testimony to the pious devotion with which he took a long draught from the old patriarch's well.

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## NOTE XVII.—PAGE 70.

I devote this note to several matters of a miscellaneous character.

The first publicly educated native of Topsfield, I suppose to have been Ivory Hovey. The Hovey family, no longer found in the place, was undoubtedly respectable—the name occurring often and honorably in the town records. Ivory, born in 1714, graduated at Cambridge in 1735, and was settled over the second parish of Rochester, Ms. Here, for twenty-five years he preached the gospel, and practised medicine. In 1770, he was installed at Monument Ponds, in Plymouth, where he died in 1803. He left a journal—the daily record of his feelings for sixty-five years, amounting to seven thousand pages in short-hand. But he left also something better, namely, the memory of a long, pious, and useful life.

Nathaniel Porter, *Harv.* 1768; see Address, p. 65. Sylvanus Wildes, *Harv.* 1777. Samuel Balch, *Harv.* 1782. He became a teacher, and lived in Amesbury.—Daniel Gould, *Harv.* 1782; referred to in the Address. He was settled in

Bethel and in Rumford, Me.—Jacob Kimball, *Harv.* 1788, see Address.—Isaac Averill, *Brown*, 1795. Mr. A. died young and suddenly, just as he was on the point of being settled in the ministry.—David Cummins, *Dart.* 1806. Mr. C. was, for many years, a successful practitioner of law in Salem. For many years more, he was an honored and acceptable Judge in the Circuit Court of Common Pleas. He is now a resident of Dorchester.—Royal A. Merriam, *Dart.* 1808; vid. Address.—Asa W. Wildes, *Dart.* 1809; for several years Master of the Newburyport Grammar School, but now and for a long time past, one of the Essex Commissioners for Highways.—Israel Balch, *Dart.* 1811; physician in Salisbury.—Nehemiah Cleaveland, *Bowd.* 1813.—Ebenezer Perkins, *Dart.* 1814; long a Clergyman in Royalston, and still living there.—Josiah Lamson, *Harv.* 1814; physician in Essex.—Elisha Huntington, *Dart.* 1815; physician. Dr. H. was for several years Mayor of Lowell, which, during his abode there, has grown from a mere village, to be the second city in the state.—Asahel Huntington, *Yale*, 1819; a successful Advocate in Salem, and for many years past, County Attorney.—John Cleaveland, *Bowd.* 1826, Counsellor at Law in the city of New-York.—Jonas Merriam, *Bowd.* 1826; now a preacher in Barnard, Me.—David Peabody, *Dart.* 1828; see Address.—Elisha L. Cleaveland, *Bowd.* 1829; pastor of a Congregational Church in New-Haven, Ct.—Josiah Peabody, *Dart.*; now at Erzroom, in Turkey, as a missionary to the Armenians.—Cyrus Cummings, *Dart.*; Counsellor at Law, Boston.

Jacob Batchelder and John Batchelder, of Lynn; Daniel P. Galloup, of Salem; Perley Balch, of Lowell; are natives of Topsfield, and successful teachers of public schools in the cities where they reside.

In my short account of the medical men, I omitted the name of the late 'Doctor' PIKE. I hasten to repair the unintentional injury. When, how, or where, the 'Doctor' practised, I never exactly knew. It is certain that he had given some attention to the important science of Hygiene,—for his opinion in regard to the diet which is, at least, *safe* for swine, is still remembered and quoted, and has never been controverted. Judging from his courtly demeanor, it seems not improbable that he was, in some early, and now unknown period of his life, the Physician in Ordinary at the Palace of King Perkins.

SMITH—that multitudinous name, occurs in the first enumeration of Topsfield Commoners. During the second third of the last century, it was illustrated by an individual of some note. SAMUEL SMITH, ESQUIRE, was a justice of the peace, and often held the place of town magistrate or agent. But the Smiths gradually died out, or departed—and this universal name is no longer of Topsfield. Among the latest lingerers was one ASAHIEL SMITH, who removed, about 1793, to Tunbridge, in Vermont. This man, like "Ammon's great son, one shoulder had too high;" and thence usually bore the significant and complimentary designation of "CROOK-NECKED SMITH." He was so free in his opinions on religious subjects, that some regarded his sentiments as more distorted than his neck. When he went to Vermont, a son, Joseph, then 8 or 10 years old,

accompanied him. In process of time, Joseph was married, and had children, among whom was one bearing his own name, and destined to make no small noise in the world. When Joseph Smith, allured by the star of western emigration, left Tunbridge, with his family, he little suspected that he had a young Mohammed in that omnibus wagon, which conveyed him and his household. The wagon stopped at Potsdam, in St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.—then a new settlement. Here, upon the banks of the noisy river Racket, whose spirit seems to have entered into his soul—grew up the celebrated founder of the Mormon faith.

I shall not pursue the story of JOE SMITH. Famous, or infamous, he was no common man. His name is inseparably connected with the origin and history of a numerous and remarkable sect. When Biography shall hereafter seek to trace him to his source, among the thousand genealogical lines of Smithdom, it may save her some trouble, to be told that Joe's ancestors were Topsfield people—that his father was born there—and that some of the Goulds and the Balches of this old town, still claim kindred with the "Prophet."

The rise of Mormonism is one of the wonders of our day. What, but strong enthusiasm, impelling from within, and a fiery persecution, pressing from without, could have driven a people numbering many thousands, to seek a safe home, in the far-distant, and almost impenetrable wilderness? When we were told that they had pitched their pilgrim tents upon the remote borders of the Great Salt Lake, how little did we dream, that they had gone thither to build—unwittingly indeed—a half-way house—a grand caravansery—for the refreshment of a hundred thousand of our countrymen, soon to be on their way to the Pacific shore! Who will deny that there were an oversight and a wisdom here, far beyond the reach of mortal ken? Let us not despair, even of the Mormons. Left as they are to themselves, may we not reasonably expect that the developed absurdity of a wild fanaticism will prove its own corrective? May we not confidently hope that the strong native sense of the Anglo-American will, at length, prevail, and bring back to the faith and practice of a pure Christianity, these victims of delusion?

Hood has been a Topsfield name since 1712. In that year, Nathaniel Hood came from Lynn, and settled in the N. W. angle of the town. His father, Richard, was from Lynn, in England. They were Quakers, and sometimes suffered in consequence of their religious scruples—though I am not aware that any of them were hung. John was the youngest son of Nathaniel, and the father of John and Samuel, whom we all knew so well.

The name of TOWNE occurs conspicuously, though with a melancholy interest, in the Address, (p. 21.) The descendants of William Towne, still somewhat numerous in Topsfield, have also spread themselves far and wide. John, son of Jacob. s. of William, is the earliest ascertained emigrant. At the first own-meeting held in Framingham, 1700, he was chosen a select-man. Thir-



teen years later, he and his sons, Ephraim and Israel, are found among the thirty families that began the settlement of Oxford. Here, too, he was a select-man, town-clerk, and deacon. The Hon. Salem Towne, of Charlton, in Worcester Co., who died in 1825, and his son, Gen. Salem Towne, who, in the war of 1812, commanded the militia ordered out for the defence of Boston, descended from the Oxford settler. Another Salem Towne, well known in Western New-York,—and honorably distinguished in the cause of education;—the Rev. Josiah Towne, of Batavia, Ill.; Rev. Abner Towne; and the late William M. Towne, Esq., are of the same good stock.—Jesse Towne, born in Topsfield, 1697, became in 1725 one of the proprietors of Arundel, in Maine. His younger brother Amos was with Sir Wm. Pepperell at the first capture of Louisburg, and from him have sprung some of the best families in the town—(now Kennebunk Port.)—Elisha Towne, born 1706, removed to Boxford, and was the ancestor of the Rev. Joseph H. Towne, a popular clergyman, formerly of Boston, now of Lowell. Josiah Towne, born 1701, went to Killingly, Ct., and from him came Ithiel Towne, of New-Haven, well known as an architect and virtuoso.—Individuals of this name from Topsfield, were among the early settlers of Amherst, Keene, and Rindge, in New-Hampshire, and of Sturbridge, Sutton, and Adams, in Massachusetts. In fact, the Topsfield Townes have actually been tracked into two thirds of the states in this Union. Mr. William B. Towne, of Boston, has an account of two hundred families, very few of which belong to the present generation.—I should do injustice to this name, if I should omit to mention here, the late Jacob Towne, Esq., of Topsfield. For years—I know not how many—this excellent individual held the offices of town-clerk, select-man, and representative to the General Court,—until he came, at length, to be regarded as a sort of personification of his beloved Topsfield. He was the calmest, the most deliberate, the most cautious of men. If he ever uttered a hasty word, or did a rash act, I never heard of it. If ever there were a true conservative, it was Jacob Towne, jun.—He, alas! is gone. But it is some consolation, that, faithful to the ancient rule and privilege of primogeniture, he transmitted so large a share of his own careful spirit to the present custodian of the Topsfield archives.

I made, last summer, several unavailing efforts to obtain some authentic account of the CUMMINGS family. Its founder, Isaac, was among the thirty commoners. Judge Cummins, in his dinner speech at the Celebration, gave a conjectural explanation of his own descent, which, if not convincing, was, at least, amusing. One individual of the name, CAPTAIN JOSEPH CUMMINGS, deserves special mention. He was born in Woburn, in 1692, and at the age of twelve went to Ipswich, near the border of Topsfield, to live with an uncle. This uncle, whose name was Howlet, was an extensive land-owner, and gave his nephew, when of age, 500 of his unstubdued acres. The land proved to be excellent, and became exceedingly valuable. Here the fortunate and industrious possessor lived to extreme age, and, long before his death, had seen the family

and the property of his kind patron all scattered to the winds. Captain C. and several of his neighbors, in consequence of their remoteness from Ipswich Village, early sought to be annexed to Topsfield. In this, they were opposed by Ipswich, and it was not until after many years of disappointment, that they succeeded. With physical energies scarcely impaired, and with a mental vigor not perceptibly abated, Captain Cummings lived to the age of one hundred and two. Even after he had completed his 'orb' of years, he could mount his horse, unaided, from the ground, and ride many miles. To the last, his memory was strong and exact—his judgment clear and sound—his retorts, equally quick and keen. He had a son and a daughter. The latter married a Lamson and removed to Exeter, N. H., and gave rise to a numerous posterity. Through the son, the old man had eleven grand-children, and one hundred and two great grand-children: the most of whom he lived to see. Among the latter, is my friend of earlier days, the Rev. Asa Cummings, of Portland, Me.,—the well known and widely esteemed Editor of the "Christian Mirror."

I regret that I have not the means to give some account of several other families—old in standing, and, for the most part, as respectable as they are old. I can only allude to the long-familiar names of Andrews, Averill, Balch, Baker, Batchelder, Bixby, Boardman, Clark, Conant, Hobbs, Kimball, Lamson, Lake, Rea, Wildes, &c. It is to be hoped that some of these ancient families will become so far imbued with the new-awakened spirit of genealogical inquiry, as to look up, and place on record, before it is too late, their own history.

The present CONGREGATIONAL MEETING HOUSE was erected in 1842,—occupying the same site with that of its predecessors of 1703 and 1759. It is a smaller edifice than the one which it replaced—but comfortable, and good-looking, with the exception of its steeple. In 1759, the town passed a formal vote, that the building then to be erected should have "a proportionable spire." This laudable example does not seem to have been followed.

The Indian name SHE-NE-WE-ME-DY, was given at the time of the Celebration with a slight difference of spelling—the second and third syllables having changed places. I so put the word on the authority of the Rev. Mr. Felt, who assured me that he received it from Mr. Coffin. I give the present orthography on the authority of Mr. Coffin *himself*. Ipse dixit.

The town of TOPSFIELD occupies the centre of Essex County. The road from Salem to Haverhill passes through it, as does, also, that obsolete affair, the Newburyport Turnpike. Hills of considerable magnitude, rising on the north and north-east—the south and south-west—enclose a pleasant valley of moderate dimensions. From any of these heights, and especially from that called River Hill, the eye may rove over a landscape of considerable extent, or may repose, with pleasure, on the quiet scene immediately below. The Topsfield vale presents a simple picture of rural beauty. Its little hamlet of white tenements not ungracefully disposed, wears that air of cheerfulness and comfort, which characterizes a thriving New-England village. The summits and

declivities around, effectually redeem the scene from tameness, but would certainly be more pleasing if still adorned, in part, with their old garniture of trees. The bright, meandering river skirts the northern base of the hills, and binds, as with a silver braid, the green mantle of the plain.

The soil of the Topsfield hills is generally strong and good, but rather hard to work. The more easily tilled plains have lost, to some extent, their original fertility. Meadows of varying width, which are sometimes overflowed, border on the river, and produce a coarse grass, generally of little value. Ipswich River rises in Wilmington. Through its entire course in Topsfield it has no available fall, but it is made to do the work of Peabody's Paper Mill, just before it enters the town, and of Manning's Woollen Mill, almost as soon as it leaves it.

The population of Topsfield, according to the census just taken, is 1169. Of its 266 voters, 28 bear the name of Perkins,—20, that of Gould, and 17, that of Towne. There are 170 dwelling-houses. The present valuation is \$545,800. The town appropriated this year, \$700 for the support of schools;—the whole tax being \$2,998 79. Its aggregate of agricultural products is not large. It raises about 5000 bushels of maize, and about twice as many of potatoes. Rye, barley, oats, and pulse, are produced in small quantities. The hay amounts to about 2,000 tons. Of butter, the annual product is 26,000 lbs.;—of cheese, 4,500 lbs. More than 20,000 animals—mostly sheep and calves—are annually killed in Topsfield, and sent to Salem, Lynn, and other markets. One hundred and five thousand pairs of shoes, valued at \$85,000, are made in Topsfield in the course of a year.

There is no rail-road, as yet, within the limits of Topsfield, although more than one of these iron tracks approaches so near, that the steam-whistle is daily heard in the village. Incipient steps have, I believe, been taken towards uniting, by the way of Topsfield, some of these neighboring lines. It is not likely that this thriving town will much longer remain destitute of a convenience, which is everywhere coming to be regarded as essential. When it shall thus be brought within an hour of Boston, one more charming retreat will be opened for that increasing multitude of sensible persons, who, while they continue to do business in cities, prefer to live in the country. There is little hazard in predicting that this beautiful township,—thus made known, and accessible, too,—will soon become a favorite resort. A spot more pleasing in aspect, more quiet, or more salubrious,—cannot easily be found within twenty miles of the metropolis. The mechanic's cottage, the tradesman's snug tenement, and the merchant's tasteful villa, will yet add new beauty to that fair plain, and those fairer hills. The professional man, or the scholar—who, amid the sultry heats and stunning noises of the pent-up town, classically sighs,—

O qui me gelidis in vallibus \* \* \* \*

Sistat !

will forthwith take his seat in the car, and soon find himself in a vale, which in coolness and beauty, Thrace itself could scarce surpass.

I must bring these notices to an end. Will not some son of Topsfield take up and complete the work, which I have hardly begun? A careful history of the town, judiciously compiled, would assuredly be valued by the inhabitants. The time is favorable,—for attention has been turned to the subject,—while each year of delay will make the task more difficult.

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## The Bi-Centennial Celebration of 1850.

For the purpose of preservation, and as a matter of future interest, I have compiled from the published accounts, a brief sketch of what was done on this occasion. The 28th of August had been selected—not as the day on which the act was passed—but as being sufficiently near, and as more convenient than a later period. Fortunately it proved to be remarkably fine. At 10 o'clock a procession was formed on the Common, and marched to the house of Capt. Munday, where it was joined by the President and Orator, the Clergy, and other invited guests. Having passed under a neatly ornamented arch, the procession advanced through a green lane, and over an open lawn to "Centennial Hill." The side of this verdant and shady mound was found already covered to the summit, with a vast throng of men, women, and children. Rude but comfortable seats accommodated a portion of the assembly, while the rest stood or reclined upon the green-sward. "In front of this great assemblage, stood the speaker's rostrum, upon a small stage. This little structure was a most interesting object. Its verdant decorations, beautifully relieved upon a ground of spotless white, could be the work only of delicate fingers, guided by woman's unerring eye. A scroll above, bore the words 'New Meadows, 1639—Topsfield, 1650.' Directly below, stood an object of no common interest—an old oaken pulpit. A white tablet in front, told its story. Upon this was written in letters of bright, purple amaranth, the names 'Capen'—'Emerson,' and the dates '1703'—'1759.'" Behind it stood a high-backed chair of oak, which had once been its companion piece.

After an anthem of Kimball's had been sung by the choir, the Rev. Mr. Atkinson, of the Methodist Church in Topsfield, read appropriate selections from an ancient Bible. The following psalm, composed by Rev. Geo. Hood, of Southport, N. Y., and set to music by his brother, Mr. Jacob Hood, of Salem—both of them natives of Topsfield, was read by Rev. J. A. Hood, of Middleton:



O all ye people, praise the Lord,  
 For all his matchless love and grace;  
 For true and faithful is his word,  
 To all the tribes of Adam's race.

Amid the bold adventurous host,  
 Our Fathers sought this distant land,  
 And chose this spot, our pride and boast,  
 As *home* for their true-hearted band.

With prowling beasts, and savage men,  
 In faith and hope, they dauntless stood;  
 Then sung their anthems yet again,  
 And rear'd their altars to their God.

Nerv'd by a living faith, they rose  
 O'er ills, and toils, and dangers dire;  
 Disease, nor death, nor savage foes,  
 Could quench the fervor of their fire.

They toil'd and prayed; we Lord are blest,  
 To Thee, O God, shall praise be given.  
 Prepare us now, by Sovereign Grace,  
 To meet our sainted Sires in Heaven.

There we will render ceaseless praise,  
 To Thee our *father's*, and our God:  
 To Thee, blest SPIRIT, chant our lays,  
 And Thee, Divine, Incarnate, WORD.

The Rev. Mr. McLoud made a short and appropriate prayer. An ode written for the occasion by Miss Hannah F. Gould, was read by her brother B. A. Gould, Esq., and was sung to Kimball's tune of "Topsfield."

The wilderness was deep and drear,  
 And mind a savage wild;—  
 Chaotic darkness brooded here,  
 O'er man, the forest-child.  
 The Spirit, by our fathers, moved  
 Upon the face of Night;  
 When dawned the Day, that since hath proved  
 Two hundred years of light!

Then did a new creation glow  
 With Order's primal rays,  
 While here the sons of God below  
 First sang Jehovah's praise.  
 The desert opened like a flower  
 Unfolding to the sun:  
 And great the work, for every hour,  
 Two hundred years have done!

The earth, beneath the genial sway  
Of Culture's wand, unsealed  
The wealth that in her bosom lay,—  
Her quickening powers revealed.  
But richer—purer—unconfined  
To time or earthly sphere,  
The spirit gems—the wealth of mind  
With lineal birthright here.

Behold the civil beauty shed  
In wide survey around;—  
The fields, with summer's bounty spread;—  
The hills with harvest crowned!  
While finite eye must fail to trace  
The shining marks of soul,  
That, dating this its starting-place,  
Has fixed in Heaven the goal!

To-day upon the spot we stand  
Where kneeled our Sires of yore,  
Imploring blessings for the land  
When they should be no more.  
To this they bore the ark of God,  
And left it to their heirs:  
They left our Priest the budding rod  
That blossoms now, and bears.

And while in yonder quiet graves  
Their hallowed ashes rest,  
Their children, moving as the waves,  
Still guard their dear bequest.  
And lo! in joyous bands we come,  
Our votive wreaths to twine—  
As brethren to a father-home—  
Round Memory's sacred shrine.

We come their honored names to bless,—  
Their story to prolong,  
Who startled here the wilderness  
With Zion's pealing song;  
While, bending o'er the battlement  
Of Heaven, they now behold  
The spot whereto their footsteps bent  
In earthly days of old.

To that illustrious ancestry  
We'll sing aloud our claim,  
While marching to eternity  
In their Redeemer's name.

Two hundred years of Gospel-beams,  
 Diffusing joy and peace,  
 Have here been poured in swelling streams  
 Of glory ne'er to cease!

The long address which followed was heard with a degree of attention and patience, which could be accounted for only by the good nature of the audience, and their interest in the subject.

The Rev. E. L. Cleaveland, of New-Haven, Ct., read the following hymn, composed for the occasion by his brother, N. Cleaveland. It was sung, *more majorum*, by the whole assembly, to the majestic measure of Old Hundredth :

Here, mid the dense, brown, sylvan shade,  
 Humbly the banded exiles stood;  
 Here, to the One Supreme they prayed,  
 Here, with loud anthems shook the wood.

Stout were their hearts, and strong their hands,  
 And fast the towering forest fell;  
 Soon gleamed the day on cultured lands,  
 Soon waved with corn each upland swell.

Then came the pious task to rear  
 Meet shrines, Benignant Power, for Thee:  
 Schools free as air were founded here,  
 And Law and sacred Liberty.

O Thou, whose arm, all-powerful, bore  
 Those pilgrims o'er the storm-swept sea,  
 And helped them plant along this shore,  
 These homesteads of the brave and free:

Here, where our fathers hymned Thy name,  
 List to their grateful children's praise,  
 And still be ours the heavenly flame,  
 That warmed their hearts in olden days.

The benediction was given by Rev. Samuel Gould, a native of Topsfield, now of Boothbay, Me.

During these exercises, the venerable Messrs. Braman of Georgetown, Dana of Newburyport, and Kimball of Ipswich, were seen gracing the stage with their snowy locks,—while below and around it, were many Essex men of honored name, both clerical and lay.

The procession was again formed, and now became, in part, a cavalcade.

“The long line of respectable citizens, with their wives, and sons, and daughters, was garnished near its centre by a singular spectacle. There were

three young men on horseback, dressed in the costume of 1600, each having on a pillion behind him, a comely companion, similarly arrayed. Others followed in tri-cornered hats, with vast, bushy wigs, and other articles of antiquated garb. One individual seemed to be on his way to mill, for he had on his horse's back two large bags, apparently of corn. Another was evidently bound for market, being mounted, and having on either side, a large pannier. We saw one lady, whose costume of antiquated splendor, and whose immensely deep bonnet, drew much observation. This antique cavalcade was succeeded by an old dobbie of a horse driven by Mr. Edward Hood, drawing a wagon-load of relics. It contained a side-board, said to have belonged to Governor Bradstreet, an ancient oak chest made in 1685, with the original date upon it, an old winnowing fan, a large samp mortar, several snow-shoes, some of the implements once used in the dressing of flax, and various agricultural tools, of the most ponderous and uncouth character.

"The dinner tables were set beneath a pavilion erected on the common. Though provision was made for about 800 guests, nearly every seat was occupied. This festal board was brightened by the faces of several hundred ladies. Directly over the President's chair, we noticed the old Indian name of the place.—*She-we-ne-me-dy*. Beneath this were arranged several articles, suggestive of the times, when wild beasts and savages were the sole tenants of the Topsfield woods. Two pairs of moose horns; numerous arrow-heads and stone tools of the aborigines—lent by Major Poore of Indian Hill—and a long halberd, once carried by a Topsfield officer, in the Indian wars, and brought down from Amherst, N. H., by Mr. Peabody, who is one of that officer's descendants.

"Dr. E. Huntington, of Lowell, eldest son of the Rev. Asahel Huntington, formerly minister of Topsfield, was the President of the day. The Rev. Asa Cummings, of Portland, Me., the descendant of a Topsfield man, craved a blessing. When due justice had been done to the liberal provision on the table, the President, after a few happy remarks, by way of introduction, proceeded to read the regular sentiments."

The speakers at the table were the Hon. Mr. Upham, of Salem; Judge Cummins, of Dorchester; Hon. Mr. Dodge, of Hamilton; Messrs. B. A. Gould, of Boston; N. Cleaveland, of Brooklyn; Ben Perley Poore, of Newbury; Jacob Batchelder, of Lynn; H. N. Perkins, of Boston, and Joel Peabody, of Topsfield. As there was no reporter present, no satisfactory account of what was said can be given. A brief outline of these speeches may be seen in the *Essex County Mercury* of September 4. The immense audience present listened to them with deep apparent interest. The following are the first and the last of the regular toasts:—

"This day of our solemnities: bright with memories of the Past,—with contemplations of the Present,—and with hopes of the Future."



"Our country: its population, which in 1650, consisted of a few thousands, has swelled to many millions. The small dependent colonies of that day have grown into a great nation; scarcely inferior to any other in numbers and power,—second to none in the better elements of prosperity, intelligence, good government, and true liberty. In view of a past and present so astounding, will any imagination venture to conceive what will be the grandeur and glory of North America, a century hence? May prosperity attend the old town of Topsfield! God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and long preserve the Union."

During the exercises, the following song, written by Mrs. H. Huntington, of Lowell, was recited by the Orator of the Occasion:

## S O N G .

We, the relics of ages, have here met together,  
To say how d'ye do! to the past;  
And to stop for discourse, Sir, Old Time, in his course, Sir,  
Who once, did not travel so fast.

Then, he'd pause on his walk, just to gossip and talk,  
As he shook a few sands from his glass;  
Now, he travels by steam, shouting out with a scream,  
"Clear the track, for my engine to pass!"

Come! just throw off your steam; tackle on your old team;  
And jog on in the foot-path to-day:  
We have met for a "talk;" put your steeds on a walk,  
For, indeed, we've a great deal to say.

We've no victories to boast, and no heroes to toast,  
Save the victors of ploughshare and flail:  
The weapons we wield, leave no stain on the field,  
And no cheek in our warfare grows pale.

Well! as matters of pride, what have we beside  
Our sires, and our sons, and our soil?  
We have mothers, and wives, the best gift of our lives,  
Sent to soften and cheer all our toil.

We have no rail-roads here, commanding to "clear  
Off the track, with your cart and your team!"  
No thousand-mile wire comes to us with its fire,  
More fleet than the sun's swiftest beam.

Our brook flows on still, just to carry our mill,  
And our mill, like our swine, is corn-fed;  
Our girls work with their mothers, and live with their brothers,  
And are to *home* industry bred.

They bloom and they toil, on their own native soil,  
 Shedding beauty and fragrance around,  
 And no lovelier display, than we see here to-day,  
 Could in court or in city be found.

'Tis true, they're not drest in their "blue homespun best,"  
 Once worn more for comfort than show,  
 Our fair modern Jenny—is no spinning Jenny,  
 And our maids are no milk-maids, you know.

Our swains are no more, as their grandsires of yore,  
 Clad in home-spun from head to the heel;  
 They have broadcloth for Mondays, as well as for Sundays,  
 Without mother to spin or to reel.

Our boys, too, are *shod*—but their forefathers trod  
 The green-sward with feet bare and free;  
*They* could go to a husking without a light buskin,  
 Or their trowsers strapped tight o'er the knee.

*They* could catch the old mare, and mounting back-bare,  
 Trot off to the mill and the store,  
 And like Gilpin, would ride, with a jug on each side,  
 And a long bag of corn on before.

They'd a very good rule, Sir, which was taught them at school, Sir,  
 Along with their A and their B;  
 When they met with their betters, those small men of letters,  
 Had to bend both the head and the knee.

Time keeps jogging along, while I halt in my song,  
 My Pegasus filly goes lame:  
 I will take off *my* weight, *he* may "gang his ain gate,"  
 'Tis hard his wild coursers to tame.

We have had a good meeting, and a right hearty greeting,  
 With kinsfolk, acquaintance, and friends:  
 So we part not in sadness, but look forward with gladness  
 To a meeting that never shall end.

A quartette, consisting of Messrs. W. R. Hubbard, B. Whitmore, G. H. Smith, and M. Horn, sung, with fine effect, the following

## ODE.

BY MRS. S. D. PEABODY.

As children long from home away,  
 Hail the glad jubilee,  
 Which finds them all in fair array,  
 Beneath the old roof-tree:—

So we to-day rejoicing come,  
 Kindred and friends to greet,  
 And give affection's tear to some  
 We would, but cannot meet.

Here, where our happy childhood sped,  
 'Till graver years drew on,  
 And 'till, as varying fortunes led,  
 We parted, one by one.

Here—where amid primeval shades,  
 But not of classic fame,  
 Our sires, from England's blooming glades,  
 To toil and trial came:—

Here meet we—glad, a day's brief space  
 To give to auld lang syne,—  
 And o'er our fathers' resting-place,  
 A garland green to twine.

Those fathers' memory we bless,  
 Oft as we hear the tale,  
 Whose hands transformed a wilderness  
 To this delightful vale.

Yet, chiefly, that from them we gain,  
 Through each successive age,  
 A lineage without a stain,  
 Our noblest heritage.

Their glory this—a virtuous name!  
 Earth has no richer crown:  
 Spotless to us the honor came,  
 Such let us pass it down.

The President announced that he had before him letters from several gentlemen, who had been invited by the Committee, but were unable to attend. Want of time prevented the reading of these letters, which were from Rev. Josiah Peabody, of Erzroom, in Persia; Hon. Daniel Breck, of Kentucky; Rev. George Hood, of Southport, N. Y.; Rev. Jonas Merriam, Barnard, Me.; and N. Cleaveland Bradstreet, Rochester, N. Y., all natives of Topsfield. There were also letters from Judge Perkins and Judge White, of Salem, and the Rev. R. G. Dennis, of Grafton.

The movements of the procession, and the exercises at the Hill and in the Pavilion, were enlivened by the performances of a good instrumental band from Salem. The vocal music was executed by a skilful choir under the admirable direction of Mr. William R. Hubbard—once a Topsfield boy,—but now and long a successful chorister in Salem.

"The thanks of the assembly were cordially voted to the Committee of Arrangements—(Messrs. Merriam, Cleaveland, Munday, Batchelder, Hood, and Towne)—and well did they deserve the tribute. The unqualified satisfaction expressed by all, whether citizens or strangers, in the entire proceedings of this delightful day, unmarred, as they were, by a single disturbance or failure, is the highest testimony which could be paid to the arrangements of the Committee, so well carried out by the chief Marshal and his aids."

The final exercise of the occasion was an original song, finely sung by Mr. Whitmore, to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." Many "sweet tears dimmed the eyes, unshed," while a hundred voices enthusiastically joined to swell the choral burden of that ever-touching air.

## S O N G .

I'll sing a song of other days,  
 A tale of ancient time :  
 Come, brothers all, the chorus raise,  
 And lift a shout sublime.  
 For auld lang syne, to-day,  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We've gathered and we'll chant a lay  
 Of auld lang syne.

Praise to our sires, the axe who swung,  
 First on the wooded plain,  
 While wide the forest round them rung,  
 And hills replied again.  
 For auld lang syne, come out,  
 For auld lang syne,  
 And celebrate the woodsmen stout,  
 Of auld lang syne.

In vain was bent the red man's bow,  
 In vain his arrow sped,  
 For soon repulsed, the savage foe  
 To wilds remoter fled.  
 For auld lang syne again,  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We sing those sturdy Englishmen  
 Of auld lang syne.

Long o'er the land which they regained  
 From Nature's ruder sway,  
 Peace, order, justice, freedom reigned,  
 A bright and tranquil day.  
 For auld lang syne once more,  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We con the pleasing legends' o'er  
 Of auld lang syne.



When dark Oppression, threat'ning, rose,  
 And Might, usurping, grew,—  
 Submission base, the choice, or blows,  
 To arms our fathers flew.  
 For auld lang syne, these strains,  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We swell to those who broke our chains,  
 In auld lang syne.

On Bunker's Hill of glorious name,  
 And on the Hudson's side,  
 And many a deathless field of fame,  
 They poured their hearts' warm tide.  
 For auld lang syne, we shed,  
 For auld lang syne,  
 Our tears above the mighty dead  
 Of auld lang syne.

Long may the rights those heroes won  
 From Power's reluctant hand,  
 Unmarred descend from sire to son,  
 The glory of our land.  
 For auld lang syne to-day,  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We've gathered and we've sung our lay  
 Of auld lang syne.

The sun had not yet 'stretched out all the hills," when this large and pleased assembly adjourned—for one hundred years:—to meet again in the persons of their posterity, and in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fifty.

With strangely mingled sensations of satisfaction and regret, I write these closing and parting words. My humble labor is finished. It has been the not unpleasing toil of many an hour. It has sent me on a voyage of exploration—unwonted, indeed, but not, I trust, wholly fruitless—among the dim and distant regions of the past. To the people of my native town, I commit and commend the result. I venture the hope that not a few of them will find, in the contemplation of these old themes, a pleasure like that which I have experienced,—and that in some bosoms, they will revive, as they revive in mine, the bright remembrances of youth:

"While up the tide of time we turn our sail,  
 To view the fairy haunts of long-lost hours."

2506

J.P. Lorne bought of Mrs. Lorne  
Jan. 4/78.



